

The Saturday Review

No. 3599. Vol. 138.

18 October 1924

[REGISTERED AS A
 NEWSPAPER]

6d



CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 385

LEADING ARTICLES:

Their Friends the Bolsheviks... 387
 Nine Months of Socialism ... 388

MIDDLE ARTICLES:

Anatole France ... 389
 Berlioz the Fantastic. By
 Dyneley Hussey ... 390
 Fougasse. By Geoffrey Dearmer 391
 Three Ages of Drama. By
 Ivor Brown ... 392

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. CXXI:

J. St. Loe Strachey, Esq. By
 'Quiz' ... 393

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Election Tactics ... 394
 The Stage Dispute ... 394
 The Worn-out Horse Traffic 394

REVIEWS:

Mr. Strachey's Diary ... 395
 Poetry and Non-Poetry ... 395
 An Englishman in Islam ... 396
 Six Murder Cases ... 396
 The Century of the Nabob ... 397
 Old Wits and New ... 397

NEW FICTION. By Gerald

Gould:
 Spring Sowing ... 398
 Passion and Pain ... 398
 Married Life ... 398

ACROSTICS

... 399

MOTORING. By H. Thornton

Rutter ... 400

CITY NOTES

... 406

ROUND THE LIBRARY TABLE:

Adversaria ... 408

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Unsolicited contributions will be considered provided that (1) they are typewritten; (2) they bear the author's name; (3) a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Otherwise we decline responsibility and cannot enter into correspondence. Editorial, Advertising, and Publishing Offices: 9 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2; Gerrard 3187

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

Notes of the Week

IT is eminently desirable that Conservatives and Liberals should avoid letting in Socialists by splitting the votes which would be given against Socialism, and we welcome the arrangements that have been reached in many constituencies where this danger existed. The clearing up of the situation in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's constituency, Aberavon, where the Conservatives will unofficially support the Liberal candidate; the Conservative withdrawal at Paisley, where Mr. Asquith will have a straight fight with a Socialist; the Liberal withdrawal at Leigh, are instances of political commonsense prevailing over party feeling of the narrowest sort. But each case has to be judged on its merits, and it is well that there has been no official attempt to arrive at a general compact. It would be hypocrisy for Conservatives to pretend that, so long as the Socialist is not returned, they do not care who is. They do care, and very rightly. Only the Conservatives can give the country a stable Government.

THE LIBERALS AND THE SOCIALISTS

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George dealt faithfully with the Socialists at the Queen's Hall. The former diagnosed the Socialists' state of mind quite accurately when he said that the appeal to the nation was due to a desire to discuss the Russian treaty only on platforms and not in the House of Commons, where it would be torn to shreds. The latter, devoting his gift of phrase-making to a purpose more legitimate than usual, summed up Mr. Wheatley's position accurately by saying that, owing to trade union monopoly, the Genius of the Lamp had become the slave of the Ring. There was much in these speeches that we must applaud. It does not in the least follow that the Conservative and

the Liberal criticisms should be blended in a common attack along exactly the same lines. Indeed, it is impossible that anything of the sort should be done. The Liberals cannot secure a majority; the Conservatives can. Unless we want a repetition of the last nine months, with Mr. Asquith in Mr. MacDonald's place, we must use every effort to give Conservatives a majority.

THE ELECTION AND OPINION OVERSEAS

There can be not the least doubt that the balance of feeling in the Empire is unfavourable to the Socialists. The Dominions, however strong in local politics Labour may be, are suspicious of a party that has frowned on Imperial preference and dropped the Singapore scheme. Also, though this seems to be little appreciated here, they are seriously upset by the Socialist anxiety at Geneva to meet the Japanese demand in regard to immigration questions, feeling that Lord Parmoor and his colleagues have been far too concerned to secure unity at Geneva and far too little concerned to secure it in the Empire. In India, to which Mr. Baldwin has very rightly directed special attention at this critical time, there is among the British community and among loyal Indians an earnest hope that the control of British policy will pass into the hands of those free from entanglement with Swarajists and not bound by their own past utterances and acts to whitewash sedition.

THE UNIQUE TREATY

It is not only in the omission of the King's name, in the manner of its sudden production after a breakdown of negotiations, in the vagueness of its terms, that the Socialist compact is exceptional. It is an agreement to guarantee a loan without any such security as has been required and obtained in the case

Everything's right—
 if it's a

Remington

TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
 First to-day!

of loans to countries far less disorganized and far more honest. For the small loan of five millions sterling to Turkey we have as security the whole revenues of the Turkish Empire. For the loan of six millions to Greece we have as security the revenues specifically assigned for service of the Hellenic Public Debt. For the loan of fourteen millions to Austria we have as security the Austrian Customs and the tobacco monopoly. But the proposed loan of forty millions to Russia is without security, and is to be made to those who have definitely repudiated obligations.

BOLSHEVISTS AND TRADE UNIONS

The Commission of Investigation appointed by the General Council of the Trades Union Congress should soon be departing for Leningrad. They go out on the investigation of the "All Russia Trade Unions," just as the Soviet delegation which attended the Congress at Hull came here on the invitation of the General Council of the Trade Union Congress. Mr. MacDonald's Government, ever anxious to find a smoke screen, appear desirous that the electors should not suppose that he and his colleagues are in any way concerned either with the acceptance of the invitation or the composition of the delegation. But even they cannot deny that the Russian trade unions are but an official organization of the Soviet Government and wholly subservient to revolutionary rule. Exactly what the delegation is to investigate we have not been told, but if the reference should include inquiry as to the opinions of the trade unions in Russia with regard to the Bolshevik Treaty it would seem that the report on this point will be too late to be of any service to the Socialist Cabinet. In spite of all that is said and whatever the terms of reference may be, it may be taken for granted that political objects are closely interwoven with the task entrusted to the delegation.

THE POET LAUREATE

Some friends and admirers of the Poet Laureate have conspired to mark the occasion of his eightieth birthday next week by the presentation of a gift and an address. The gift has taken the form of a clavichord made for the occasion by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. It is not only specially appropriate to a poet whose quiet and exquisite music appeals to a cultivated audience, but there is reason to believe it will be equally appreciated. May he live many years in its enjoyment.

THE NEW ELECTIONEERING

Broadcasting has been brought into the service of politics for the occasion of this election, a practice in which we now conform to the American model. A modern political leader has to face extensive oratorical touring with wayside addresses from a motor-car and then to follow this up by adapting himself to the exigencies of the amplifier and the microphone. Speaking for the invisible audience of the million is a different matter from the address of a mass meeting and, to be effective, it must be steady. To turn this way and that and to indulge in the dramatic dropping of the voice is to endanger the cogency of rhetoric altogether. Speeches so far heard by wireless have sometimes shown the well-known rhetorician in seemingly poor form, because much of his art and craft was, in a quite literal sense, beside the mark. He might be followed by a dull man who was always audible because he never turned his head but looked straightforward. Here is an art in which self-containment is essential.

IRAQ

It is extremely unfortunate that the General Election should have coincided with a series of crises in the Middle East. It is difficult for the Government at such a time to give the necessary attention to foreign affairs, but we think that Mr. Thomas has, on the whole, acted wisely in agreeing to the loophole left in

the belated reply of the Turkish Government to our third note. Reference to Geneva for an interpretation of the decision of the League Council can do no harm and the only alternative might well have involved us in a fresh and extremely unpopular war. The point at issue would seem to be whether the *status quo* to be maintained is that of the Treaty of Lausanne (July, 1923), or that of September 30 last, the date of the Council's decision. The latter thesis which is maintained by the Turks is, we think, clearly untenable, but with so simple a solution at hand, it would have been a grave error, especially under existing conditions in that part of the world, to reject it.

THE HEDJAZ

A further complication is added by the refusal of Ibn Saud, the Wahabite chief, to recognize the Emir Ali or any other member of the Hashimite family as king of the Hedjaz. Mecca has been abandoned and the Wahabis are reported to have cut the Mecca-Jeddah road. The holy city will probably be immediately occupied by this tribe of fanatics, whose avowed intention is to re-introduce into Mohammedanism the fierce asceticism of an earlier age. Whether the Arab Mohammedans as a whole will accept such a reformation remains open to doubt, but the immediate consequences to this country will be serious. It must be remembered that the King of Iraq, the King of the Hedjaz, and the King of Transjordan are all brothers and that the overthrow of the one by the Wahabis will destroy a hegemony which rules a large part of the Middle East and is the mainstay of our policy in that area. Our policy of subsidies has fortunately been reversed and if the Ibn Saud is counting on being bought off from Mecca by this country, he is likely to be disappointed.

GERMANY

For the moment the Chancellor's efforts to broaden the basis of the Coalition have failed. Though agreement had been reached on broad questions of policy, a discussion of detail proved too much for the Nationalists and the Democrats. The opening of the Reichstag on October 15 was postponed, and the air in Germany is full of rumours of a General Election (though some space is still reserved for the flight of Zeppelins). We think that the Nationalists would be well advised to compromise as far as may be, since an election now would scarcely show the same tendency on the part of the electorate to rush to extremes which was exhibited in the spring. In any case, the Dawes Report is now safe and the Reparation Commission have announced the promulgation of the laws for the new banks and the handing over of the railways, thus making the completion of the second stage laid down in the London Agreement.

CHINA

Lu-Yung-hsiang's flight has completely altered the situation in China. The Chekiang rebellion is now finished, though the presence of some quarter of a million leaderless troops round Shanghai is causing considerable anxiety there. The Government troops released from this point will be available for use against Chang-Tso-lin, though the season is getting late. In fact, we doubt whether Wu-Pei-fu will be able to force the issue in the north this year. Chang has greatly strengthened his position by his alliance with Moscow and the permanent separation of Manchuria from China is no longer impossible. On their side, the Russians have regained the control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which is of immense importance to them. On the other hand we deplore the permission given to the Pekin Government to raise a loan of some \$7,000,000 (roughly £500,000) on the security of the customs. The use of this revenue for what is, after all, party purposes, will give a lead which Chang and other enterprising governors will not be slow to follow, while the poor foreign bondholder will have to pay the piper.

WEMBLEY'S AUTUMN

During the Indian Summer of the past week, Wembley was to be seen at its best. The attendance was large enough to destroy any sense of desolation, yet not so great as to cause discomfort. The gardeners have achieved some beautiful effects with their autumn flowers and, in the absence of scurrying school-children, the main walks of the exhibition, particularly when washed in autumn sunshine, provide a serene and tranquil promenade into which the buzz of the Amusement Park penetrates but little. As a refuge from the political hurly-burly and as a reminder of things that are larger than planks and platforms a visit to Wembley in October is well worth while. Moreover, as the time for closing approaches, the bargain-hunter has the more cause to keep his eye on the counter.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TATTOO

There is a new kind of music-hall patriotism which is very much better than the old singing of tawdry sentimentalities about home and Empire. This is to be seen on the stage of the Empire Theatre, where a stage army is, in fact, a real army. The Tattoo, held a few weeks ago in the Stadium at Wembley, was one of the great popular successes of the Exhibition and the great crowds braved wind and weather to witness it. Now a miniature version is being shown on a music-hall stage and the best kind of military music is mingled with the elaborate marching of the torch-bearers. The elemental excitement of the larger Tattoo may be lost, but there is a genuine dignity about the whole performance and a good deal of admirable dexterity in the evolutions of the troops within the confines of the stage. This venture shows the way in which managers are endeavouring to reconstruct English entertainment in the music-hall by appealing to a far wider public than was interested in the older type of varieties.

THE MOTOR SHOW

It is a common complaint that in many trades the public has never got back to a pre-war standard of value for money spent. But the motoring industry stands out as a notable example of accommodation to the post-war purse of the middle-class man. The Motor Show at Olympia will emphasize the revolution in public transport that has occurred within a few years and stimulate the traveller's desire to be his own master and free of the great public transport services which are not always either cheap or comfortable and may be put out of action by the striker. On the other hand if the show has its usual success and creates yet another host of owner-drivers the problem of our roads and of traffic control becomes the more acute.

OCTOBER SPORT

The M.C.C. Eleven are finding their land-legs in Western Australia and meeting the first fruits of generous Australian hospitality. Let us hope that there will be limits to the banqueting, for there is no doubt that extreme physical fitness will have much to do with the results of the rubber. Playing six-day Test Matches under an Australian sun is a test of endurance as well as of skill, and matches may be lost by flagging strength as much as by any other reason. English cricketers, remembering ten "tests" in which we had not a single victory and eight successive defeats, are more eager than ever for victory, and we have a team with great possibilities. Meanwhile, the New Zealand footballers continue to defeat our rugby players of the Midlands and the North, and there will be all the more interest in their first appearance in London next month. On Wednesday the Aga Khan took another of our big turf prizes with his "unexpected" filly Charley's Mount, and the victory of this hundred to one chance in the Cesarewitch was welcome news to the bookmakers.

THEIR FRIENDS THE BOLSHEVISTS

THOUGH the Campbell case was the occasion and the apparent cause of the decision which has plunged the country into a General Election, almost all intelligent electors will subordinate it to the question of the Russian Treaty. If the Labour Government is to be judged by any one thing, instead of by its whole record, to which we devote another article, it must be, not the dropped prosecution of a single Communist, but the Labour attempt to set on their feet, at the cost of this country, the whole crew of Russian Communists. And that attempt must be subjected not only to political and economic but to moral judgment. Conservatives are of all men the least likely to offer counsels of perfection, to recommend extreme censoriousness, and to argue that Great Britain must always refrain from establishing diplomatic or commercial relations with peoples and Powers whose conduct does not exactly satisfy our insular standard of morality. Recognition does not necessarily imply unqualified approval, and a business deal with a foreign *de facto* Government is not equivalent to the issue of a moral certificate in its favour. We have had, and have, nothing on moral grounds to say against endeavours to come to terms, on the ordinary business basis, with Soviet Russia. But when the deal is not on a business basis, when an agreement is urged on without heed of British interests, as if no risk or sacrifice were too great in so good a cause, when British Ministers and a recognized British party are found displaying an extreme fraternal concern for a foreign Government, we are bound to remind the public with what manner of men this nation is constrained to fraternize and what sort of authority its funds are to support.

Pat to the occasion comes an English translation of perhaps the most comprehensive indictment framed in any responsible quarter against the Bolshevik masters of Russia, the speech delivered by Maltre Aubert, of the Geneva Bar, almost exactly a year ago, in defence of one who, maddened by the crimes of the Bolsheviks, was party to the shooting of their emissary at Lausanne. This book, 'Bolshevism's Terrible Record,' published here by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, will doubtless very soon be in the hands of thousands of readers. But it deserves to be epitomized for the benefit of voters in the present General Election, and we make no apology for summarizing and commenting on portions of its contents in a political article instead of in a review. It contains that which every voter should know, lest he or she should assist to office the Socialists and Communists, or Socialists secretly coerced by Communists, who would dedicate British money to the support of probably the foulest and most malignant tyranny ever known.

The official spokesmen of other countries have not always felt with the members of the MacDonald Government the necessity of sustaining and financing the Russian Bolsheviks. Thus so long ago as 1918, the Minister of Holland in Russia cabled:—"The immediate suppression of Bolshevism is the biggest problem at this moment, not excepting the war. If Bolshevism is not exterminated immediately, it will, under one form or another, spread all over Europe and the whole world." Nor have all, even among Communists, found it possible to cherish a tender concern for the future of Bolshevism. For instance, a Communist woman writer, Mdle. Odette Keun, has called upon all the Governments of Europe to make an end of what she describes as "this atrocious regime, incarnating and surpassing the hell dreamed of in the Middle Ages." Soviet Russia has been summed up by an ex-Minister of the United States, Mr. Crane, as "at the same time a prison and a lunatic asylum." The summary, however, is altogether inadequate. A prison is the receptacle of those who have been legally

convicted, under laws that may be harsh, and on evidence that may be defective, but not under lawlessness and without evidence. A lunatic asylum has lunatics only among those detained, and not among those in control. Soviet Russia, since it came into being, has been dominated by a clique of aliens, renegades and profiteers, whose private lives are, if possible, more reprehensible than their public careers, and whose actions as men and as administrators are inexplicable on any grounds but those familiar to students of perversion and madness. That the offices of the Central Pan-Russian Executive Committee were a house of ill-fame, that leading officials, including the Commander-in-Chief, Kameneff, the members of the Military and Revolutionary Council, Skliansky, Kassior, Podvoysky, have been responsible for gross scandals; that one member of the Soviet Government, Sorokine, was arrested nine times in two months for being drunk and disorderly, and another, Lanetsky, five times; that the representatives of Bolshevism abroad have squandered public money in follies like that of Karakhan, with his five hundred couriers and servants, or simply embezzled funds: all this is trivial. It is the collective and political crimes of Bolshevism that revolt the consciences of civilized mankind.

It was long ago said by Lenin: "Ninety per cent. of the Russian people can perish, provided the remaining ten per cent. survive at the moment of the world revolution." Bolshevism has proceeded with a recklessness regarding human life quite in accord with that statement of principle. The prodigious number of murders committed on the bourgeoisie, the devilish tortures used to extort confessions, the insane savagery shown in flaying the corpses of executed persons and the equally insane indecency exhibited in stripping victims naked before shooting them may be read of in Maltre Aubert's book. There also may be found details of the filthy blasphemies with which the Bolsheviks have celebrated the "virgin birth of a Communist" and "the death of God." To be shocked by such things is to proclaim oneself bourgeois. But what of the supreme Bolshevik sin, not that against the Holy Ghost, but that against the one sacred entity in this world, Labour?

Does it trouble the leaders of Labour here that the Russian worker has a twelve-hour day, that his wage when paid in paper money, is about one-third of what it used to be, that equality has taken the form of an arbitrary classification of workers into seventeen grades, that corporal punishment and incarceration in vile surroundings are the penalties for unpunctuality and minor offences? Not in the least. Do our Labour leaders grieve over unemployment in a country in which 300,000 railway and dock workers can be dismissed by a stroke of the pen, as was done in January, 1921? Not at all. The Bolsheviks may be criticized in gentle terms for temporary errors, but nothing they can do forfeits the practical goodwill of their British friends or checks British Socialist schemes for providing criminal spendthrifts with funds. Neither the Terror nor the mad squandering of whatever wealth remains in the unhappy country is an argument against their friends. But will the British people as a whole agree to subsidize anti-Christ and prop up the craziest, bloodiest system ever imposed on suffering humanity? Will they vote for men so credulous, so blinded by formulæ, as to be unable to perceive to what hideous cause they are stretching forth a helping hand? We think not. The Bolsheviks have erected in one shrine a statue of Judas, as of one who has always been condemned by the bourgeoisie, and is therefore entitled to honour by Communists. Their choice of a patron saint is judicious, for they have betrayed civilization. But since it was not desired by the British, there is no reason why the thirty or forty million pieces should be taken from the British Mint.

NINE MONTHS OF SOCIALISM

WITHIN the last few days Conservative and Liberal criticisms of the failure of Socialism to deliver any considerable portion of the goods it so lavishly promised at the last General Election have been condensed into powerful indictments by Mr. Baldwin and other Conservative leaders and by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. To those indictments the Socialist spokesmen can make in fact only one reply. They plead that they have not had the time and the opportunity to build in this country the New Jerusalem, the plans of which they carry in their pockets, and the suggestion is that if only the electors would put them in power with a substantial majority for three or four years they would duly work all the miracles they promised. But the truth is that the Socialist Government, if denied a majority, has had in a very exceptional degree the advantages which a tolerant and patient opposition can give a Government, and it has had, if not time to complete any great work, quite time enough to give evidence of serious purpose and practical plan. A very large number of the most important matters coming before it have been of that kind in regard to which everyone desires a settlement, and there is not the least doubt that in respect of all this class of questions Mr. Ramsay MacDonald could repeatedly have had support from both the older parties for any scheme at all hopeful. Obstruction, captious criticism, conspiracy against Labour have existed only in the imagination of the least responsible Socialists. Seeing for many months no alternative to the Socialist Government, the great majority of both Conservatives and Liberals have been desirous of giving that Government every chance. It is through its own defects in knowledge and experience, and still more through its subserviency to the Communists and wild men generally, that it has so egregiously failed, and not through the machinations of any Opposition party.

Take the question of unemployment. There is none upon which a sound scheme could more easily secure support from all parts of the House of Commons, and we have only to turn up the files of the Conservative Press to be reminded that nine months ago there was real willingness to see what the MacDonald Government could contribute towards the reduction of unemployment. But those who professed a peculiar competence to deal with this matter have shown themselves less capable than their predecessors. In 1923 the decline in unemployment was 225,000; in the first nine months of 1924 the decline has been only 68,000. After nine months of Socialist Government there are over one million unemployed, and there is not even the beginning of any plan which would effect serious reduction in the numbers. In November, 1923, Mr. Sidney Webb declared that the problem was immediately soluble: "for the unemployed we urge immediate employment, and it can be done; the unemployed (including practically all the ex-Service men in need) can be directly set to work by hundreds of thousands." To-day the Labour Party's manifesto strikes a very much humbler note. It, indeed, enunciates no more than the platitude that "the only practicable way of dealing with unemployment is the working out of a constructive policy of national development, along with the restoration, through pacification, of the production and trade of other countries." The constructive policy, be it noted, is still to be worked out. It is not merely that the rabbit has not been produced from the hat; the hat has yet to be borrowed, the rabbit yet to be procured. And meanwhile, by the abandonment of the McKenna duties, great damage has been done to precisely the kind of industries that give employment to the higher grades of worker.

But that is only one and not the most important aspect of the matter. The manifesto from which we

have just quoted contains, before the words we have reproduced, the proviso, "apart from the necessary transformation of the whole industrial system." The Socialist "constructive policy," whatever it may be, is only on its author's principles a temporary expedient. The real aim is the transformation of the whole industrial system, and the lesser purpose is naturally given up whenever it seems likely to delay the realization of the greater. Thus it comes about, as Mr. Baldwin acutely indicated to the great Conservative gathering at the Queen's Hall, that the Socialists in the House of Commons have so frequently of late obstructed private Bills dealing with electrical schemes. In his heart of hearts every Socialist is always afraid that unless private enterprise, however beneficent, be strangled there will be no future for nationalization. It is idle to look for constructive policies from those whose chief purpose it is to destroy the existing order. Idle, too, to expect industrial peace under those whose main weapon is the strike, and under whose auspices there have been 484 trade disputes in the nine months of 1924, as against 440 in the whole twelve months of 1923.

It would be easy, but it would be superfluous, to set out in detail the discrepancies between Socialist performances and Socialist promises. The point which we wish to make, however, is that such discrepancies would not really be diminished by placing Socialism in power with an ample majority and for a lengthy period. Given the conditions for which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald tearfully appeals, the Socialists could only proceed to the subversion of the present industrial order, with effects on the prosperity of the country altogether fatal. For whether they proceeded, as their wilder men wish, by a single leap, or by those stages which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself would prefer, when allowed by his extremists to exercise any preference, there would be intensification of every hardship now felt in the country. So far from the weakness of the Government in the House of Commons being the explanation of its failures, it is the explanation of the comparative smallness of those failures. The Parliamentary situation during the last nine months has enabled Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to refrain from some, at least, of the courses to which the extremists would have urged him, by showing the practical impossibility of bringing forward schemes of the thorough-going Socialist kind. Deprived of such excuse, he would be driven beyond the limits which he has respected. As Mr. Baldwin has said, grave though Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's difficulties have been in a minority, they are nothing to his probable difficulties in a majority. And it is quite possible, as Mr. Baldwin surmises, that the sigh of relief with which the sanest elements in the country would greet the electoral overthrow of the Socialists would find some echo in the bosom of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself.

ANATOLE FRANCE

THERE is no paradox in the fame of Anatole France, who thought so little of fame, nor in the universal mourning over the death of one who regarded mourning over death, like all other human activities, as both inevitable and unreasonable. He gave, in 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard,' that early and charming work (which surely, if it had been by Sir James Barrie, would have been condemned as sentimental?), his own characteristic twist to the commonplace about "going over to the majority"—"L'humanité se compose presque toute entière des morts, tant c'est peu que les vivants au regard de la multitude de ceux qui ont vécu." Instinctively, he preferred minorities, because he derided the codes and condemned the acceptances. But the majorities insisted on coming round to him: it was like him to

reflect that there was one majority, at least, which he could not hope to avoid. Yet, in fact, between the many and the mocker of the many there is seldom more than a temporary conflict. Man loves those who chasten him. He likes his saints to be dead, because sanctity is a reproach, an incitement towards act and pain; but he is content that his satirists should be alive, because satire is after all amusing. The real conflict is rather between one satirist and another: between types of mockers: between those who mock at unbelief because they know themselves to be believers, and those who mock at belief because they believe themselves to be unbelievers. Blake, himself savage in mockery, could write:

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Mock on, mock on, 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

But what he meant was that he did not agree with them. Spiritually, he did not differ from Voltaire in his own satiric moments. He was savage, as Voltaire was savage, as Swift was savage, as Byron was savage, because of the intensity with which he held certain things to be true, because of the fury inspired in him by the spectacle of people too stupid or too wicked to admit the truth. Anatole France belonged to a different school. He was less kind, and so he was more kind: the whole of human controversy seemed to him so far beneath contempt that he could afford to see good on both sides: he felt, in his own phrase, "un mépris profond et doux": he had, in another of his own phrases, "le don précieux du sourire." He professed to find tolerance, pity and benignity in Voltaire's 'Candide'; but surely it must have been that he wished to find them, that he was determined to find them, rather than that they were actually there. Compare the huge horror, the uncompromising bitterness, of that masterpiece with the wistfulness, the tenderness of Anatole France, and the gulf between the two kinds of satire, and the two kinds of philosophy which inspire them, yawns apparent. 'Candide' is probably the wittiest work in the world; but we do not know that anybody has ever given himself up to hearty, simple laughter over it. Or take a more precise comparison. Between the fourth part of 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'L'Ile des Pingouins,' the resemblance in structure and intention could not be more obvious; yet Anatole France is as funny as Mr. Dooley (whom, indeed, when he is dealing with the same subjects, he somewhat resembles); and the story of the Yahoos is nearer to shuddering and to tears. The most passionate, and therefore the greatest, of France's stories is 'Crainquebille'; there the indignation vibrates in the irony. To the poor old man, crushed by the whole strength of the nation, the poor old man whose one crime is to be weak and helpless, it is said: "C'était à vous, Crainquebille, d'être le plus fort."

And indeed it is notorious that, on occasions where his sense of justice was strongly stirred, Anatole France never lacked the courage to champion the side he thought right. He came forward conspicuously in the Dreyfus case; but his satiric account of that case makes both sides equally ridiculous. He believed Dreyfus innocent; but he thought that most of the people who shared his view did so for entirely the wrong reason; that is to say, for no reason at all. Of 'Les Sept Cents Pyrotes' he declared: "L'innocence de Pyrot leur était révélée comme était révélé son crime à la Pingouinie chrétienne; car ces choses, étant cachées, revêtaient un caractère mystique et prenaient l'autorité des vérités religieuses."

That is, incidentally, but one of his innumerable flings at revealed religion. Of the solitary who sees visions, in 'Thaïs,' he says: "En fuyant les hommes, on est sûr de rencontrer les esprits." The faiths he espoused, however—and this is the heart of the matter—fared little better at his hands than those he rejected. He

was a patriot, and jeered at patriotism; an internationalist, and thought one nation as foolish as another: a socialist, and poured the most remorseless ridicule upon Socialists.

It was natural that he should take refuge from this equilibrium of judgment in the praise of the senses. Where everything else is uncertain, to laugh is at any rate good: beauty, pleasure, are there for us to enjoy: we may as well enjoy them. But he was far too sensitive to wallow in the hedonism of an Omar: perhaps, if he had been logical, he would have done so: but a sceptic must deny himself the consolations of logic. For, to be logical, he must be sceptical even about his scepticism: and that would be to be illogical. And Anatole France inclined naturally to the austere sort of Epicureanism. He saw that indulgence defeats itself by excess: he saw that slackness is not rest. And then, he was a great scholar; and the pleasures of scholarship, for scholars, generally outweigh, as well as outlast, the cruder enjoyments. And then again, he never shook himself free from the spell of the heroic virtues.

Of sexual love he wrote frequently in a fashion which is easy to call gross. But the real trouble is not the freedom of language, which is largely a matter of superficial fashion: it is that he presents love as a sensual distraction. This view is entirely natural to one whose philosophy suggested that distraction was an end in itself; but it obscures the nature of love. Nor is it fantastic to associate with these limitations the central fallacy of his creed as a literary critic. He taught us to respond to the moment: and that is good: but it is not good unless the moment has, on its own merits, the magnificence of eternity. That too-much-quoted phrase of his, "the adventures of the soul among masterpieces," begs the question; for mere adventuring will never tell us what constitutes a masterpiece. The reduction of effort to futility by speculation on the brevity of man's life and the minuteness of his stature is a further instance of the same irrelevance: the soul answers to no such arithmetic. Something stands, which the sceptic must—and cannot—deny. "Puisque la folie et la méchanceté des hommes sont inguérissables," says one of his characters, "il reste une bonne action à accomplir. Le sage amassera assez de dynamite pour faire sauter cette planète. Quand elle roulera par morceaux à travers l'espace une amélioration imperceptible sera accompli dans l'univers et une satisfaction sera donnée à la conscience universelle, qui d'ailleurs n'existe pas." But elsewhere he pours scorn on the spirit which withdraws when it realizes "qu'il est dur de redresser les torts et que c'est toujours à recommencer." He differed from the greatest satirists, great satirist though he was, because he thought to take refuge in a detachment which his own nobility would not suffer. And his highest praise lies in the inconsistency. He tried to laugh at everything, but at two things he never succeeded in laughing—courage and kindness. It is true that he said courage was only imprudence: but he added that imprudence was good.

The *English Review* for October, in its 'Current Comments,' deals with Mr. Justice Feltham as Boundary Commissioner, and suggests reasons for his choice. Mr. Whibley deals with Mr. George Moore and his views on 'Pure Poetry.' There is a good account of Lady Hester Stanhope, whose history seems to be attracting some attention in France just now; and M. André Michelin writes on the danger of chemical warfare. Mr. Haines is painstakingly commonsense in his reply to Lord Sydenham concerning Shakespeare; and Miss M. P. Willcocks contributes a first-class paper on 'Samuel Bullen.'

The *Dublin Magazine* contains in its last issue, among other good papers, an extract from the diary of A. S. Suvorin which throws much light on Russian literary history for the last few years and on Russian ways of thinking. It is well illustrated and ably put together if one can overlook the insularity of its thought.

Scribner's opens with a quotation from Oliver Cromwell which is not even from Drinkwater. Two striking papers are those on 'Byron: His Books and Autographs,' by Mr. H. B. Smith, and 'On the Soviet Trans-Siberian' by Mr. K. Roosevelt. Mr. Galsworthy's story is another great attraction.

BERLIOZ, THE FANTASTIC

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

THE musical world of London is curiously liable to epidemics, and this season it has caught," if the word be permitted, the 'Symphonie Fantastique' of Berlioz. The attack began at the very first Symphony Concert of the season under Sir Henry Wood last Saturday. Mr. Hamilton Harty is to show us what the Hallé Orchestra can make of it next month; and finally Herr Weingartner, the part-editor of the complete edition of Berlioz's works and the equal of Sir Thomas Beecham as the composer's interpreter, will give his views on the Symphony. There is a great deal to be said in favour of these epidemics, especially when they take so interesting a form; for, with all its faults, crudities, *longeurs*, the 'Symphonie Fantastique' has a magnificence and a demoniac force which do not fail to carry away an audience even in these days so far removed in spirit from the Byronic devilry, the gilt extravagance and the candelabra-lit glitter of a century ago.

The writer of an article in a recent number of *Music and Letters* suggests that Berlioz was a genius who was destined to address the world only through the mouths of others, his successors, and above all through the mouth of Wagner. I do not for a moment dispute Berlioz's enormous influence upon the development of music. It went far deeper than the orchestral ingenuity which is usually all that is set to his credit. Confining ourselves to the 'Symphonie Fantastique' we find in it two profound revolutions in the very foundations of musical form which set the direction taken by progressive music during the remainder of the century. First of all Berlioz invented the "*idée fixe*," which is nothing more nor less than the Wagnerian *leit-motif*. It is true that his master, Lesueur, had used recurring themes in his long-forgotten cantatas, and that similar dramatic effects had been obtained by Mozart, for instance in 'Don Giovanni.' But I believe Berlioz was the first to make a theme the unifying element of a whole work, and to modify it according to the dramatic or psychological developments of his story.

But he looked further ahead even than Wagner. For he used his *leit-motif* not in a work intended for stage performance, but in a symphony which was written upon a dramatic "programme." In fact he invented the "tone-poem" with which Strauss caused such a pothier sixty years afterwards. And not content with inventing this new form, he actually hit upon the right justification of it, the justification which Mr. Ernest Newman brought forward when he championed Strauss. For Berlioz claimed that his programme would be "like the verbal text of an opera." It may very well be true, then, as suggested by the article in *Music and Letters*, that it was jealousy of a possible rival to his music-drama that made Wagner so bitter about Berlioz's dramatic symphonies.

In the face of these innovations it seems almost trivial to point to the numerous prophetic utterances in the 'Symphonie Fantastique.' Yet there are two things which deserve mention. The Valse-tune in the second movement ('Le Bal') seems to me the parent of those many macabre valses in the works of Tchaikovsky, especially that in the first movement of his fourth Symphony, which produces the peculiar feeling of eeriness on its first entrance that is found in no other composer except Berlioz. And, though Tchaikovsky was undoubtedly writing in the Viennese manner—and there is no reason to suppose that Berlioz, too, did not draw from the same source, especially in view of that typical downward slur on the violins in the second part of the tune—the whole idea and mood of that first movement of the fourth Symphony has the nightmare quality of Berlioz. Incidentally one may mention that Berlioz's tune very closely resembles the serenade of Mephistopheles in 'The Damnation of Faust.' That this dance of the hero of the 'Symphonie

Fantastique' with his beloved should intentionally recall the devil would be quite in keeping with the composer's cynical and sadistic mood. The second point is the opening of the 'Scène aux Champs.' Here against a tremolo of strings an oboe behind the scenes and a *cor anglais* in the orchestra play a pastoral duet, which in its melancholy and its poignancy calls to mind that other plaintive shepherd's ditty written at Trieb-schen nearly thirty years later.

If it were only as a forerunner that Berlioz appealed to one, his music would be of no more than historical interest and fit only for a museum along with his opheleides and other obsolete monsters. But, while I do not pretend for a moment that the 'Scène aux Champs' can compete with the third act of 'Tristan,' there is much more in this work than a collection of interesting orchestral tricks. It is the expression of a flamboyant personality, a mountebank, if you will, who could declare that he had written the 'Marche au Supplice' in a single night, when all he had actually done was to paste over a few bars of the 'Marche des Gardes' from 'Les Francs-Juges' and write upon the slip the notes of his *idée fixe*. Yet, whether the march was composed as part of his opium-dream Symphony or for an entirely different purpose, nothing can detract from the thrilling effect of the music itself. Even now, after nearly a century, it can curdle the blood with its devilish suggestion of horror. The 'Procession of Protracted Death' in 'Hassan' is milk-and-water to it. And, if you think it extravagant to write for two sets of drums and play them with sponge-headed sticks (and it was thought stark madness in 1830), just listen to the effect of the last bars of the 'Scène aux Champs' where the rumble of distant thunder comes ominously upon the ear, to break a moment later into the terrifying rhythm of the 'Marche au Supplice.'

At such moments one can do no less than call Berlioz a great genius. Yet he falls just short of that, and perhaps he was no more than a great talent, an imaginative poet who could not express himself to the full. He was unable to maintain the pitch through the whole of a work, and when he missed fire his miss was worse than a mile. I suspect that he was subconsciously aware of his failures and, for all its beautiful moments, the 'Scène aux Champs' is one of them. He records in a letter to Humbert Ferrand that he had great difficulty with it, that it worried him "for three weeks"! It was the 'Marche au Supplice,' that magnificent triumph of his imagination, which was completed "in a single night"—with a paste-brush and a slip of paper.

FOUGASSE

By GEOFFREY DEARMER

UNLIKE women men are, sartorially at all events, funny not in their differences but in their similarities. Not one man in a tall hat but fifty men and all in bowlers make one laugh, or would do so if familiarity had not blunted our sense of the ridiculous. Since the Fall we have worn dress and, as Fougasse knows better than Mr. Bernard Shaw, fancy dress.

Fougasse is a humorist. His exhibition of 'Punch' and other drawings at the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street, proves him perhaps the most representative of British humorists in line. He is primarily a humorist because he sees through the specious dignity of convention, the false values of fashion. He knows that of all problems the black-or-white dress-tie problem is the only permanent misery to mankind. He knows, too, that colour in dress is comparative, hence the comparative whiteness of the winter sports enthusiast standing in front of a dazzling background of snow. Laughter caused by multiplication of the same object or repetition of the same noise, is an elementary but fundamental. Fougasse stands in front of a giant

hotel blazing with a multitude of windows wondering whether he put a cross against the wrong window in that picture postcard he sent to Aunt Louisa, or inquiring tactfully of the driver of one of a multitude of taxis where he would be most likely to find a taxi.

Fougasse's vision is as clear and clean as his line. He sees the Englishman's disproportionate sense of values in the business of games with a remorseless clarity. There are the strenuous lawn tennis players of to-day striving like square-jawed sons of the cinema beneath the mere players of an idler period. There is the cricketer (and that cricketer is surely Everyman) who would prefer to lose his side the match by dropping a catch rather than win it "by committing the unspeakable crime of missing one, while fielding substitute for our opponents."

There is the cigar ash, lengthening picture by picture in Fougasse's relentless manner, till it falls with a splash on the immaculate green altar of the table. Best and brightest of all there is the 'Summer Change,' a series of different and, no doubt, differing English golfers in different parts of Europe all holing their putts in similar clothes and precisely the same bent attitude of devotion.

Fougasse, like Mr. Bateman, whom he outshines in all but the art of caricature, which is not the former's peculiar talent, is a literary artist in line. He tells a story, generally a tragedy, but always a comedy, till it falls like a cigar ash, or topples over like a pile of plates in the cumulative manner of Professor Leacock. Then we laugh, for laughter is an intellectual revulsion just as tears are a physical revulsion—a sudden jerk, that "rigidity as a result of momentum" of M. Bergson, and the reason snaps. Laughter has set in like an anti-cyclone and for a moment the depression rises.

Perhaps the best of these stories is 'Suggestion.' Fougasse, over-conscious of a detective's presence at a wedding, is "hypnotized into doing something awful." Like Mr. Bateman's immortal boy who breathed on the glass at the British Museum, he is hurried into prison, where we leave him surrounded by Rackham ghouls and ghosts, surely an habitual gaol Bird.

Fougasse laughs; he never sneers. The sneer at the bourgeoisie is not his method. One suspects him in such an anecdote as the following, of being red in tooth and claw:

"Waiter, bring me a whiskey-and-soda, please."

"I'm not a waiter, confound you!"

"Oh, righto . . . then don't trouble."

But one cannot be sure. Here, as in so many of his best drawings, Fougasse stresses the unconscious humour of the man who refuses to understand any point of view other than his own. He "can't understand," he says, and draws in 'The Art of Seeing Things,' why "when two artists look at a landscape—one should see it like this (photographic plate type of picture), while the other sees it like this (pictures of a coloured snowstorm), when all the time it is perfectly plain to me that it really looks like this (picture composed of several Neapolitan ices cut up in chunks)."

Yet to understand Fougasse is not to be deceived by his amusing sub-titles. In 'Taxi Windows,' for instance, although (a) "Those which are shut and won't open" and (b) "Those which are open and won't shut" can be imagined, no one is likely to guess that (c) "Those which move perfectly freely" will deluge the "fare" in a shower of broken glass.

His path is beset with difficulties—there is the dragon peril of an innocuous piece of pattern that turned out to be the tail-end of a dragon's tail—a dragon large enough to stretch from floor to ceiling, a dragon that spread over chairs, sofas, and curtains like a plague. Yet he never distorts, and when he describes his "fellow guests in a hotel" as (a) Those who look as if they were somebody and aren't, and (b) Those who don't look as if they were anybody, and aren't either, he might be describing a busy scene in the House or Hyde Park on any day of the week.

THREE AGES OF DRAMA

By IVOR BROWN

Punch and Judy and Other Essays. By Maurice Baring. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

Theatre Arts Monthly. October Number. New York.

Fratricide Punished. Produced by Mr. William Poel at the New Oxford Theatre on October 11th.

THERE is much of the theatre in Mr. Baring's suave, reflective essays. He comes right up to date, to feast with reason at 'The Beggar's Opera' and to be carried on Shelleyan flow of soul in 'The Cenci.' But he writes mainly of a great trinity of women, the Bernhardt, the Duse, and the Campbell, who tore the great parts of their period as it were from each other's hands and restored them to an eager world gleaming anew with their diversity of gifts. It was a period of parts, when dinner-table dialogue ran more upon the player than the played. We ask now, "Have you seen Saint Joan?" Shavian skill directing the emphasis. Then it was "Whose Magda have you seen?" Sudermann, Pinero, Jones, were men of stature in the Post-Ibsenite theatre, but their players out-topped them. "I never strum," said Mrs. Patrick Campbell, when asked to do so in a piece. The actress had her foot on the dramatic pedal in those days, however much the author might call the tune. Dramatic criticism verged on the art of the portrait gallery. One asked of the theatre, "Who is the best Paula Tanqueray?" One asked of the journal, "Who paints the best Sarah or Stella week by week?"

Mr. Shaw altered that by the simple process of writing plays that were intellectually bigger than any conceivable exponent. The rationalist drama followed in his wake. When the playhouse becomes a discussion circle with divorce, slums, poor law, votes for women for the evening's debate, the actor becomes author's mouth-piece; he stands at ease in the rear rank. It was the business of the informed person to see "the new Galsworthy" and even though an actor of such dynamic genius as Mr. Norman McKinnel might be chairman in the argumentative theatre the sovereignty remained in the study where the evening's discourse was planned. With this phase of the theatre Mr. Baring is less concerned: he has written superbly of the three women who carried their torch from one capital to another and touched nothing which they did not kindle to some nobility of leaping flame.

And now the discussion-theatre is passing. It was made by the intellectuals and the intellectuals despair of it. The *Theatre Arts Monthly*, of which we badly need a rather more sober English replica, is the pulpit of those who would depulpitize the stage.

Mr. Ashley Dukes in the October number cries out against the tyranny of the dramatist who dares to give stage directions. "The trouble with our realistic and argumentative theatre is that the dramatist's impulse to collaborate is suppressed, while his impulse to dictate and impose is unnaturally stimulated." He stands crowing "on the farmyard hillock that is all his own." "The written word is not a pinnacle but a foundation." A foundation for what? For the actor, the decorator, the producer, the weaver of spectacular harmonies, the new school would reply. In future we shall not ask over the teacups whether our neighbour has seen 'Saint Joan.' We shall ask whether he has seen Mr. Timothy Tasteful's sympathetic curtains or whether he prefers the cubistic notions of Mr. Ferdinand Furious who has "stylized" Saint Joan's tragedy by an architectural setting that, to the innocent, seems to derive not a little from Stonehenge. In the new school you are a safe and proficient pupil if you make sufficient use of the word "plastic" while spitting with conviction should the awful word "realism" ever infect your lips. To judge from our New York progressives the plasticene era is tremendously upon us.

For my own part I am sorry. I find myself completely unmoved by the mass-attack and stage-trickery of Expressionism; it is usually such a childish thundering at the doors of the obvious. Nor is there any real

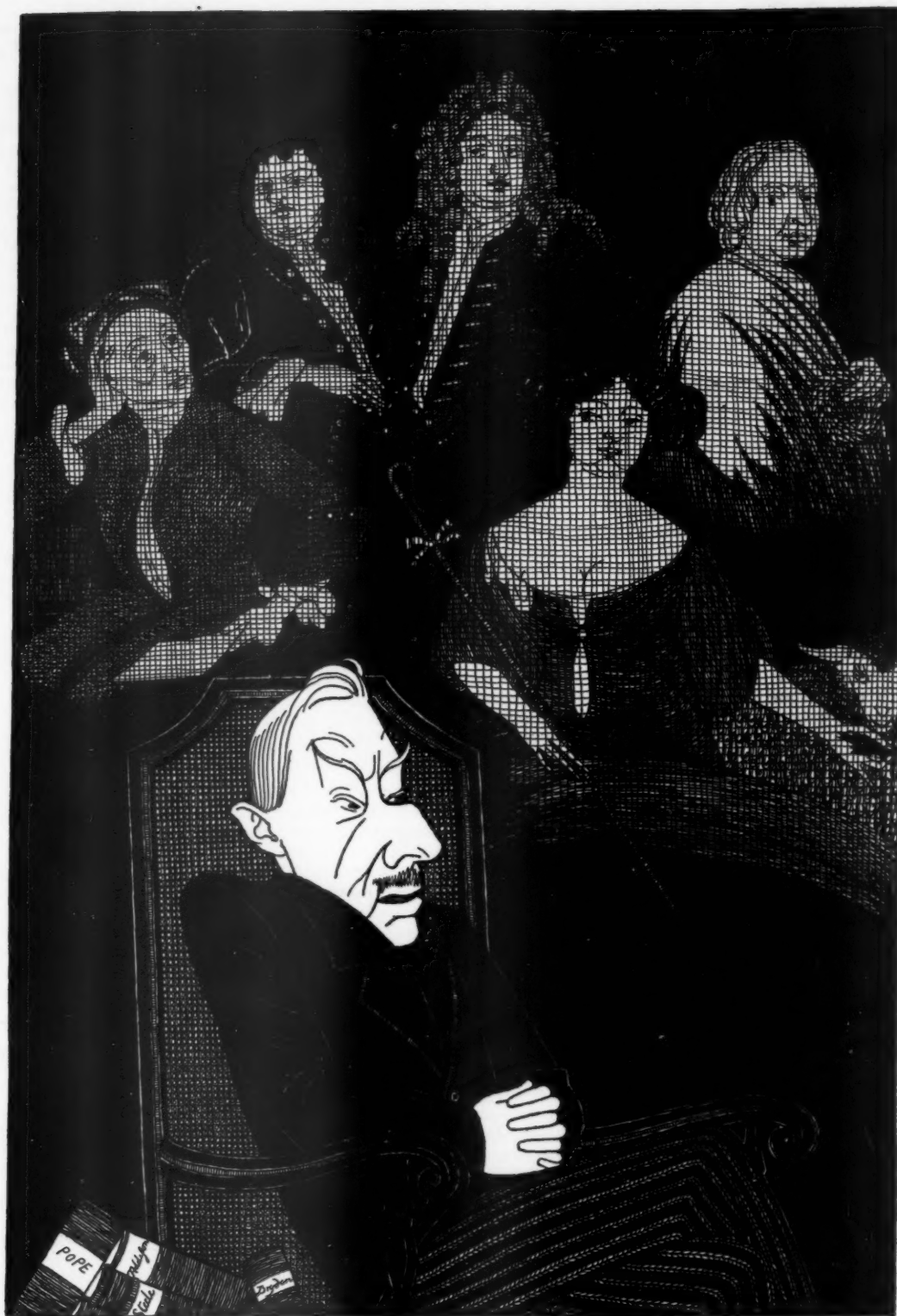
partnership (in the specimens we Londoners have seen) between actor, author, and producer. The actor is apt to find himself nowhere or, at the best, to become an insignificant source of confusing noise, like a pea rattled in a drum. Producer and decorator rule the roost and juggle with the light-switches and do all sorts of frightfully "plastic" things. All of which makes me want to slip away and read the play quietly, a most improper emotion in a theatre. I would like to know what Sarah would have said to any producer of the ultra-modern school who wanted to tie her as a ribbon to his tambourine. Her reply would, I think, have been adequately vehement and would have been appreciated by Mr. Baring, who has a taste in words.

Of course our own stage is not committed to the plasticene era and may never be. There is the strong pull of the author who is jealous of his vision and of the actor who is proud of his presentation. These are not going to be reduced to the status of mere chips and pieces in an architectural façade, if those words are not too complimentary for the curious pillar-cult of the latest stage-designers. And there is always the sound commonsense of the uninstructed who go to the theatre for such good reasons of their own as to see the conflict of human issues humanly stated and not involved in such contraptions of mechanism as suggest the debris of a railway accident. Moreover, the public cares for the great portrayal of emotion through human voice and gesture and without the superstructure of the producer's inventions and the rickety rigmarole of the new stuntsmanship. Everybody cannot see the fine shades as a connoisseur like Mr. Baring sees them; everybody could not go twice to see Duse do the same play on following days and make a variation on her theme which was fundamental, yet all with such art that each rendering seemed perfect. But the public, in the round, has a fairly definite scheme of values and those values will endure.

'Fratricide Punished' is an Elizabethan curio and derives from an age of the drama in which neither the great part nor the great "production" was the thing, but the great play. This piece is an English transcript from a German version of an English Elizabethan drama about Hamlet, which was taken by strolling players to the Continent; the history is sufficiently complex to leave us in some doubt as to the amount that has been grafted on to the original, but there is plenty to show us what a typical audience of groundlings wanted. They wanted plot. Hamlet is here a revenge-play, and the prince does not trail his coat one instant on Parnassus or in Academe. Nor is he spoken of or shown as sicklied o'er or dallying in his dreadful duty; he does not kill at once because his uncle is his match in craft and keeps a bodyguard betwixt him and the prince's sword. Hamlet is quite candid about his madness, which is all feigned for guile; obviously one who is accepted as a lackwit may have a better chance of stealing in through the king's watchmen.

The play has also a fiery prologue spoken by Night and a harlequinade in which Ophelia figures as Columbine, pirouetting into Bedlam. Out of this odd farrago Mr. Poel distilled a quaint and modern humour; his production went, as the saying is, "a bit fancy," with a constant cultivation of the child-like and bland. But Hamlet's father was not the only spectre; one felt, also, behind the bathos at which we moderns laughed, the ghost of a rattling blood-and-thunder drama that once surged to a heavily blood-boltered climax amid the moans and groans of a populace enthralled.

The actors took every chance of achieving the grotesque and King Claudius (now Erico) was shown as a comic little party whose inherent craftiness and villainy were veiled by an outer presence reminiscent of Baron Hard-up in a touring pantomime. This guying of the king was a mistake; after all the play is about a blood-feud of desperate rivals and Mr. Esmé Percy's delicate and dashing Hamlet deserved some more formidable rock on which to break itself.



Dramatis Personæ. No. 121.

By 'Quiz'

'THE RIVER OF LIFE'

MR. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY LOOKS UPSTREAM

Letters to the Editor

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

ELECTION TACTICS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It may as well be said frankly that the policy of some sections of the Press in advocating a pact between Conservatives and Liberals condemns the honour of the former and constitutes, at best, an unprincipled expedient to damage the prospects of the Socialists. In what way, it may be asked, have the Liberal Party merited any friendly consideration from Conservatives? They chose to coalesce with Socialists to render the party most representative of public opinion a minority, and, by their wavering, compelled the Conservatives to abandon voting on a motion of censure in the Campbell case and to support the Liberal amendment as the only possible way of being effective against the suspicious proceedings of the Government. The Conservatives have principles and a policy; the Socialists a cause which, however sentimentally, they believe in; but the Liberals it seems have degenerated to political gamblers. Little wonder that this once great party seems to be approaching dismemberment.

The endeavours of the Press of which I speak are really a continuance of their pernicious course at the last General Election. Instead of advocating strongly for one party with a good and firm policy, expressed not only by proposals but by the party's record, they left the voter in doubt, and what influence they exerted necessarily tended to split votes in favour of the Socialist. Conciliatory methods are never so effective as vigorous support of a strongly felt cause. Surely the growth of the Socialist Party has demonstrated this; and after all, it is better to have bitter enemies than unprincipled conciliating friends.

I am, etc.,

ARNOLD WHITTICK

27 Princess Road, South Norwood, S.E.25

THE STAGE DISPUTE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I do not know if Mr. H. R. Barbor's letter in your issue of October 4 calls for a reply, or if your readers still continue to be interested in the feud between the Actors' Association and the Stage Guild, and the more or less petty bickerings that are being brought before their notice in the daily Press. The fact remains that there is a great amount of very grievous dissatisfaction among the rank and file of the theatrical profession and that no one seems able to discover a possible way out of it—at any rate in the near future.

There is also, I very much regret to see, considerable genuine distress. The chief grievance seems to be the question of the minimum wage of £3 a week. This is declared to be insufficient for a man to live on decently with his wife and children! All very true and proper, but still I cannot help thinking that there are other trades open to actors, by which they can earn £10 or £12 a week and even more if they will only take the trouble to learn their job. But how many of them will think seriously of doing this?

I met an old friend only this morning who seemed down on both the Actors' Association and the Stage Guild. He told me, almost with tears in his eyes, that he had thirty-five years' experience of stage work, both musical comedy and the legitimate stage, and that he had only received *three weeks' salary* this year.

Bad luck of course, but there are thousands in the same position, which brings me back to what I stated in my former letter: Too many spiders and not enough flies to go round! And yet how often it happens that when one wants a leading man, or a leading lady—especially in a hurry—one does not know where to turn to find them.

The majority of these people are more or less of what is known as the "general utility persuasion"—most of them seem to have seen better days. But they find themselves now of no utility whatever—at any rate in London and in the provinces.

In the meantime, some of our leading actors are waging a war between their two respective societies as to whether they should be a trade union or not, and if so, whether they are to abide by their strictly laid down rules or not. Yes or no. And so on and so forth. Personally, I am of opinion that what is most sincerely wanted is better plays—better acted and more amusing. And *mirabile dictu*: The audience want them!

I am, etc.,

"ACTOR-MANAGER"

THE WORN-OUT HORSE TRAFFIC

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As statements appearing in the Press show, this ignominious and cruel traffic continues to flourish in spite of all efforts to abolish it.

The National Equine Defence League, which has long made strenuous efforts to secure its legal suppression, and has learned by experience the reasons why all attempts to do so have hitherto failed, on a circular headed 'Warning,' says:

No one should advocate any Parliamentary measure before obtaining a complete draft of the same, and not only reading it but understanding it in all its bearings.

The Exportation of Horses Bill is calculated to meet and promote far greater suffering in the export trade than in the past and present; also, it is in singular agreement with certain clauses in the proposed Protection of Animals Bill.

The only remedy is an Amendment of the Protection of Animals Act, 1911, as advocated by the N. E. D. League.

Copies of this circular can be had from the offices of the N.E.D. League, 27, Beaconsfield Road, New Southgate, London, N.11.

I am, etc.,

M. L. JOHNSON

6 The Polygon, Clifton, Bristol

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS

ARLINGTON GALLERY (22 Old Bond Street, W.1).—Portraits, Miniatures and Landscapes by Edwin E. Morgan, John Edmund Mace and Edith Morgan. Until October 24.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS (5 Pall Mall East, S.W.1).—Winter Exhibition.

GIEVRS ART GALLERY (22 Old Bond Street, W.1).—Exhibition of Landscapes by Edith Struben. Wednesday, October 22, and subsequently.

CONCERTS

WIGMORE HALL (Wigmore Street, W.1).—Isabel Gray and Claude Pollard. Recital for two pianos. On Monday, October 20, at 8.15.

WIGMORE HALL (Wigmore Street, W.1).—Song Recital by Sumner Austin. On Tuesday, October 21, at 3 o'clock.

STEINWAY HALL (Wigmore Street, W.1).—Song Recital by Miranda Palma. On Wednesday, October 22, at 3 o'clock.

ÆOLIAN HALL (New Bond Street, W.1).—Song Recital by Grete Stückgold. On Thursday, October 23, at 3.15.

THEATRES

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE (Charing Cross Road, W.C.2).—'The Ware Case' (Revival). On Saturday, October 18, and subsequently.

AMBASSADORS THEATRE (West Street, W.).—'The Pelican,' by H. M. Harwood and F. Tennyson Jesse. On Monday, October 20, and subsequently.

QUEEN'S THEATRE (Shaftesbury Avenue). 'The Show Off,' by George Kelly. On Monday, October 20, and subsequently.

THE PLAYHOUSE, OXFORD.—Opening of new Repertory season, Monday, October 20.

HAYMARKET THEATRE (Haymarket, S.W.).—'Old English,' by John Galsworthy. On Tuesday, October 21, and subsequently.

LYRIC THEATRE (Hammersmith).—'The Duenna,' by R. B. Sheridan. On Thursday, October 23, and subsequently.

Reviews

MR. STRACHEY'S DIARY

The River of Life. By John St. Loe Strachey. Hodder and Stoughton. 20s. net.

MR. STRACHEY'S new volume is described as "the log-book of his mind during a two-years' voyage on the River of Life." It is, indeed, only in form a diary, which the author began in order to amuse his son's convalescence in the autumn of 1922. He continued it for his own pleasure—the habit of journalizing grows on those who once taste its fascinations. The books which Mr. Strachey has been reading furnish a larger proportion of his material than the persons or places that he has seen during these eventful years. The contagious enthusiasm which he brings to the description of Provence or Italy, and the romantic day-dreams which he occasionally pauses to chronicle, will dispose many readers to wish that the ratio were inverted.

The author is inclined to apologize for the "digressive and desultory" nature of his book, but few readers will agree that any apology is needed. A large part of the allurements of these pages lies in the intellectual agility with which their writer skips from Shakespeare to the musical glasses, from cats to Cicero, from Siena to Limericks. Nor will most readers like these brief essays any the worse for having already made the acquaintance of parts of them in the pages of the *Spectator*, from which Mr. Strachey has selected the most permanently interesting passages of his well-known articles on "books of the moment." It is odd, by the way, that no reader seems to have pointed out the curious use of *Agnosco* on page 60. If there is an Elysian Mudie to keep the shades of the great dead in touch with the best of our current literature, one can imagine Horace gently rubbing his plump hands and saying to Virgil, "What price Nemesis now? He called my odes essentially unpoetical!"

The diarist's adventures among books are always individual and interesting. Mr. Strachey combines a perennially youthful enthusiasm for good literature with the trained journalist's eye for a telling quotation, and he is in fact the *elegans formarum spectator* which Chaerea bragged of being. Especially good are the five or six pages in which he defends Shakespeare against Dr. Johnson's famous criticism that a quibble is "the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation." The brief essays on Racine and the "adorable music" of his verse show Mr. Strachey in his best vein as a critic of literature. The sketch of Cicero's character is a really brilliant piece of biographical analysis. The extracts from Herodotus, Jeremy Taylor, the Chinese War Book and Lord Houghton's recollections of Carlyle's conversation are most skilfully chosen and arranged.

The chapters on what Mr. Strachey happily calls "desperate sayings" include a memorable collection of aphorisms, each of which embodies "an observation of some dreadful or inexplicable or horrible fact in connexion with human nature." As an instance new to most readers may be quoted the story of a Colonial Prime Minister, who was offered a large bribe, which of course he refused. But immediately afterwards he resigned, saying to a confidential friend, "They were getting too near my figure." Another example is that fine saying of Lord Halifax (one of the gods of Mr. Strachey's idolatry) which the author wittily applies to himself in reference to his onslaught on Horace: "A man that could call everything by its right name would hardly pass the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy." Perhaps the shrewdest of the many shrewd things in Mr. Strachey's book is his

'Parable for Psychical Investigators,' in which he gives a highly convincing explanation of the possible reasons why alleged communications with the dead are so often felt to be unsatisfactory. Readers of all tastes, it will be seen, may find in this entertaining miscellany something to delight, interest, and instruct them.

As a reprint of this book may soon be required, it might be possible to correct some errors of the Press such as the misquotation from Arnold on page x, the substitution of "a" for "the" in Shakespeare's "desperate saying" about "the dark house and the detested wife," and the misprint of "Theseus" for "Perseus" on page 46.

POETRY AND NON-POETRY

European Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.

IT is a pity that a new title has been substituted for the original. 'Poetry and Non-Poetry' exactly described the Italian philosopher's purpose. These twenty-five studies of European poets using prose or metre may suggest that a summary of the literary tendencies of a century is here intended. But Croce roundly depreciates such critical aids and apparatus. For him, history and philosophy reach the universal only in and through the individual. Here he is applying his general doctrine, he studies various æsthetic personalities as chance brings them up for re-examination, and hopes later to continue the series. On the other hand, the seeming rigour and vigour with which he separates poetry from non-poetry may mislead alike his narrow disciples and his irritated adversaries. The one set, all too eagerly, will welcome a trenchant reduction in the numbers of the famous, the dismissal of men of letters who are merely ingenious or instructive, elevating or agreeable. And the other set will resent the appearance of capricious and arbitrary judgment; insist that criticism is not only æsthetic but also historical and psychological; overlook the fact that Croce in his constant quest of unity and distinctions has anticipated and met their objections elsewhere.

Now whether you deduce Croce's æsthetic doctrine immediately from this volume or from the body of his theoretic disquisitions, it is one which any well-equipped critic or reader uses instinctively. Croce's merit is to have systematized it reasonably. Poetry, art, is feeling, intuition of feeling. Intuition is expression, beauty. Form and content are one. The work of art expresses an individual state of mind. The state of mind must have attained to the sphere of serene contemplation. A poet's problems and art are always those of a time, a soul, a "moment." But, creatively reacting to reality, he realizes beauty, and universality is implicit in his work. The fundamental chords of humanity "resound and sound together" in poetry. Accordingly Croce's present purpose is to discover whether this or that poet is purely æsthetic, is serene and coherent in his power of intuition. Flaubert, in two works at most, is fairly able to reduce within bounds his inordinate dream and desire. Kleist, the interesting dramatist whom the Germans overrate, has "perhaps not a single truly poetical passage in all his works." Heine's state of soul, except when reminiscent of childhood, is marred by his jesting vein, his Romantic irony. Stendhal has the inharmonious, double soul; his ideal of energy and passion is contradictory and confused. Maupassant, though he knows nothing but matter and "the spasms of the senses," is a poet because, by his very pity and despair and comic laughter, he suggests by contrast the ethical-religious ideal and claim. And, in the second place, Croce is busy rejecting the elements that persistently intrude upon and taint the poet's

work. Poetry is not politics or morals, not rhetoric or didacticism. Monti is a poet, but it is literary poetry, poetry in the second remove. Philosophical poetry is a misnomer; but then Croce, unable not to admire Alfred de Vigny, allows his poetry to "move among the *novissima*, the ultimate things." Is Ibsen's art the art of problems? "Problems belong to the thinker and no one is less a thinker than Ibsen"; but at the same time he is a poet because his dramatic creatures are moments and notes of his own spirit. As for all intrusive politics and morals and pseudo-science in whatsoever supposed poet, away with them! Such matters are practical, but assuredly are not poetry. And yet one is greatly interested in Croce's analysis, say, of Schiller, Foscolo, and the "rarely or never entirely poetic" work of Leopardi. Why not? One remembers that, as Croce shows, the human spirit is circular in its movement, that everything is implicit in anything. If he lays stress on distinctions, he insists upon unity. The philosophic critic, he deals not only with æsthetics but with history and psychology.

One may say, indeed, that the value of criticism depends upon the critic. He excels according to the range of his experience and comprehension. Croce, for all the depth and breadth of his philosophy, can fall behind himself as critic. He has his prejudices. Romanticism, for him, is disease. Women, and especially women-authors, provoke him. It is his own native literature that has given and gives him most pleasure. Non-Italian poets are rather to be held at arm's length; almost unconsciously, he has his shrewd doubts about them in advance. He is apt to sweep them aside; fails to make his vision of the work coincide with the work itself as his theory bids. He is too hard upon this man, too lenient in the case of another. Dealing with two women-authors and propagandists, he manages to discern poetry in Fernán Caballero and none or next to none in George Sand. Discovering in a line or two that Balzac is a poet, he spends all the rest of the time in demolishing Brunetière's vision of Balzac and objecting to Balzac's Titanic and romantic vigour. Will the essay on Scott stir dispute? It is only Carlyle's half-contemptuous half-admiring attack, with the admiration left out. The mighty are always attended by their iconoclasts. For Croce, the one novel of Manzoni, Scott's best disciple, outweighs the whole Waverley series, non-poetical save for a thin rivulet or dribble of "human goodness and kindness." That is to be blind to various appeal and merit. And should not literature, one asks, largely come home to men's business and bosoms? Undiluted poetry may fill up a brief lyric, and emerge here and there resplendent in a masterpiece. But a lengthy masterpiece of nothing but poetry is unthinkable. Manzoni, for instance, is a theological moralist, and Croce finds means to analyze and praise him as such. No one more than Croce has the keen eye for moral values. If you were to cut out from this very volume all non-poetical considerations, how many pages of fragments would be left? And such removal would be to our own great loss.

GARNET SMITH

AN ENGLISHMAN IN ISLAM

Ben Kendim. A Record of Eastern Travel. By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Aubrey Herbert. Hutchinson. 21s. net.

AUBREY HERBERT'S wide travels in and extensive knowledge of the Near East were almost proverbial in England long before his too-early death, and many of the oppressed or misunderstood peoples of that turbulent region had reason to be grateful for his sympathetic interpretation of their troubles and

aspirations in the House of Commons and elsewhere. He wrote a large portion of the present book on his death-bed, and it contains the record of his wanderings in Turkey, Mesopotamia, outlying portions of Arabia, and more particularly in Albania. The author discourses on political problems in a manner which may prevent many from accepting his conclusions; but he is always himself in his views, and the personality that he reveals was certainly one which England in its present difficulties in the matter of foreign policy can ill spare. Perhaps Herbert reflected some of his own fine spirit into the people with whom he mingled. The average inhabitant of the Near East does to some extent respond to the electricity of a fine soul. No doubt Herbert saw the best side of his subject, and such a fortunate gift may perhaps explain his fondness for the Turks, with which probably few of his readers will altogether sympathize. It may be true that from ignorance or lack of imagination our cold policy towards Turkey in the early days of its revolution had the result of alienating Turkish feeling. But we can hardly admit that we drove the nation into the arms of the Germans, as Herbert seemed to believe. After all, Turkish memories might have preserved the record of a century of British support and help with some admixture of gratitude. The average Briton must regard the Turkish action in the late war as a stab in the back for England; and it is notable that recent developments of Turkish policy do not suggest any genuine desire for friendship with this country such as that with which Herbert credits his *protégés*.

When we turn to the author's pictures of travel the book becomes a pure delight. Adventures, hardships, and dangers are everywhere transfused in the light that springs from an irrepressible gaiety. Herbert's enforced stay at Djair, in the Persian Gulf, is described in a humorous vein that calls up a lively picture of this deserted Turkish outpost—which, in point of fact, must have been almost intolerable in its discomforts and the grumblings and wranglings of its discontented population of exiled officials. Ramblings in and out of feud areas in Albania are portrayed with a bright humour, and the author has many interesting stories to tell of some of that country's leading chieftains, bandits or otherwise, as well as some moving and enthusiastic descriptions of its beautiful scenery.

SIX MURDER CASES

Murder and its Motives. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Heinemann. 8s. net.

WITHOUT going so far as Miss Jesse in admitting that "every one loves a good murder," the reader of her new book will readily acknowledge that every one may find considerable entertainment for an autumn evening in studying the six examples which she narrates with so much spirit. Miss Jesse classifies murders under six heads, according to their motives. Nothing is more difficult than a scientific classification, and few things are easier than picking holes in any attempt at one. In her introductory chapter Miss Jesse gives a very good analysis of the various motives for murder, which she then proceeds to apply to the six instances that she has selected from the very wide field which her research has covered. She begins with the case of William Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, as the murderer for gain. Murder from revenge is illustrated by the very curious case of Constance Kent, who killed her half-brother in order to spite her step-mother. Murder for elimination is explained by the case of a French "village Messalina" who got rid of an inconvenient husband in circumstances which afford a close parallel to some of the incidents in *Les Paysans* and *La Terre*. Mrs. Pearcey—the undaunted heroine of the perambulator which used to be and no doubt still is on view at Madame Tussaud's—exemplifies the murder from jealousy. Neill Cream illustrates murder for the

sheer lust of killing, mixed, as in the case of Jacques Lantier, with a sexual complex. Lastly, Orsini's attempt to blow up Napoleon III is given as a typical case of the murder from conviction. These are all good stories, and Miss Jesse vivifies them in the telling with the art of the skilful novelist.

Truth is proverbially stranger than fiction, and certainly no mere inventor would have ventured to introduce that amazing picture of Mrs. Pearcey, when the police officers asked how her kitchen came to be all stained with blood, chanting in reply, "Killing mice, killing mice, killing mice!" Nor would imagination have risen to the pitch of the French murderess, who had to take off her lace and muslin bonnet in court, and placidly made use of her murdered husband's skull, staring at her among the *pièces de conviction*, as a milliner's dummy—"the white butterfly wings spread out on either side of the grinning skull like some fantastic symbol of immortality." No figure in fiction can surpass that of Jegado, the "morally diseased servant-maid" who poisoned twenty-six people in the course of eighteen years—including her own sister—and nursed them all through their protracted agonies with great devotion, shaking her head sorrowfully after each death and saying with resignation, "This will not be the last. Wherever I go people die." We are inclined to stigmatize the present age as one of morbid curiosity, but Miss Jesse aptly reminds us that an enterprising photographer took the house in which the Rugeley murders had been executed, and profited largely by the fact that "many people succumbed to the fascination of being photographed in the notorious Palmer's back garden." Nor could anything be more dramatic than the brief account of Constance Kent's trial on her own confession. We commend Miss Jesse's book to all who study the dark places of the human heart.

THE CENTURY OF THE NABOB

English Society in the Eighteenth Century as Influenced from Oversea. By J. B. Botsford. Macmillan. 12s. net.

THE last four words of the title, which do not figure on the back of the book, are important. Dr. Botsford has written an able summary from a particular point of view. His twelve chapters, which are fitted with careful notes and striking statistics, are concerned with the great expansion of trade and gambling, the fortunes made by people of no social standing, and the host of articles brought for use or adornment from overseas. The new rich, eager for power to which they were entitled, bought fine places and seats in Parliament, and towards the end of the century developed something like a social conscience. The improvement in the universal lot which Dr. Botsford mentions as due to the influx of wealth was very slow among the poor. He has deliberately excluded changes "predominantly economic, intellectual, or political in character," though the decay of the Church is surely a main factor in the excesses he chronicles. William Pitt is described as the "finest type of patriot," but to gratify the ignoble fears and passions of his party he was capable of fostering an infamous band of spies and informers. Sentimentalism, from which this country has suffered ever since, was invented in this century, and flourished partly because the rich decided that Hell was not for people of their quality. It was the century of comfort for the people who counted—of the opera, the umbrella, and the sandwich. Dr. Botsford is inclined to censure from the modern point of view; but we may reflect that our present advanced civilization has no Addison who is bold enough to chaff the extravagances of steadily puffed fashion, and, in spite of highly organized philanthropy, is grossly subservient to trade interests. The use of quinine was by no means general in the century,

owing to the prejudice against it as the Jesuit's Bark. Dr. Botsford's references to medicine and education are not so judicious as his acute examination of what he calls "mercantilism." Fortunately, he does not write the jargon of the average American thesis; but we cannot pass such a phrase as "of different ilk."

OLD WITS AND NEW

The Twentieth Century Theatre. By Frank Vernon. Harrap. 5s. net.

Restoration Comedy, 1660-1720. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 6s. net.

MR. DOBRÉE, applying to a rationalist age a rationalist criticism, turns the Restoration dramatists inside out and finds them to be as witty as one has always supposed, and wiser than they probably were. He reads into their analysis of sex-conflict a more profound and certainly a more humane and sensitive judgment on the Restoration society than tradition has allotted to them, and he certainly under-rates their delight in lechery for lechery's sake. If Wycherley is to be accepted as a satirist as well as a master of inventive indecency, it is fairly plain that his enemy was the possessive husband; he makes Pinchwife ridiculous because he thought it ridiculous for young wives to be denied the pleasures of the town and of the age. Yet Mr. Dobrée calls Wycherley "a moralist." Wycherley's moralism went not much further than an equalitarian demand that licence should be common property. His anger against Pinchwife was the disgust felt by a generous hedonist for a shabby monopolist.

But Mr. Dobrée, though he strains his point and attributes more depth to his dramatists than is in their railery, is on firm ground when he traces the close connexion between the comedy of manners and the older comedy of humours. It is impossible to see, for instance, a performance of 'The Old Bachelor' without discovering in Bluffe a good Jonsonian; the braggart bestrides the Puritan interval and has several companions on this line of communication. There is useful service rendered in Mr. Dobrée's concise, well-argued essay on the descent of Restoration comedy; his analysis, in particular, of the comic writers has obviously been a work of love and remains a work of scholarship and style. But his valuations, particularly his valuation of Wycherley, would probably surprise those gay gentlemen could they read them.

Mr. Frank Vernon tells theatrical history with humour, vivacity, and a nice amount of judgment; he has inside knowledge and can write, so to speak, from the actor's side of the curtain. His summary of recent events is the most readable thing of its kind, but he is not always accurate. He makes a needless mistake, for instance, about a well-known newspaper, and he appears quite to have lost his head about the merits of 'The Admirable Crichton,' but the latter, of course, is a matter of judgment, not of fact. He is perfectly right in insisting that the tyranny of London is oppressive and that the provincial voice is essential to full national expression; he is also right in distrusting the concentration of dramatic reformers upon *décor*. The business of the theatre is first and foremost with the spoken word and with the criticism of life by appeal to ear and brain. Mr. Vernon also refuses to be rushed by the fashionable assault upon realism. A salute to the "Manchester School" and a bow to "Queen Horniman" are more than courtesy; they are common sense. The irritating habit of attaching perfunctory prefaces by people "with a name" has been followed in the case of this book. Mr. Drinkwater introduces Mr. Vernon in this case; Mr. Vernon very soon shows that he does not need this office, but can speak forcibly and sanely on his own account.

New Fiction

BY GERALD GOULD

Spring Sowing. By Liam O'Flaherty. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

Passion and Pain. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

Married Life. By Conal O'Riordan. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

TO praise requires sometimes more courage than to blame. If I am to say how good I think each of these three books, a mathematical-minded person will protest about the proportion of swans to geese. Yet I must say what I think; and I would send the mathematical-minded, for proof, to the books themselves.

One can link Mr. O'Riordan with Mr. O'Flaherty, because they are both Irish: or Mr. O'Flaherty with Stefan Zweig, because they both offer us short stories. The latter is the more scientific mode of classification; and it is in this instance specially appropriate because the two writers illustrate two strongly contrasted types of story-telling. Both have the extreme and painful sensitiveness of the artist: both have (I will say the word, for I am sure of it) genius. But Stefan Zweig writes moodily, mournfully, as if he were plucking his tune from his own heart-strings: Mr. O'Flaherty takes refuge in a hard objectivity. In the result, the world seems even crueller in the hands, or rather in the eyes, of the latter than of the former. Much is here for tears; and it is a relief to encourage the tears, as Stefan Zweig does, rather than to assume them equally irrelevant with everything else, as does Mr. O'Flaherty.

'Spring Sowing' contains 'The Cow's Death' and 'Blood Lust,' two sketches which appeared in reviews and caught one's attention—rather more, I think, than a year ago. Since then their author has published two novels, but I see no sign in them that his specific gift is for the longer form. It is for the sudden scene, not the prolonged development: lyric, not dramatic, or dramatic at any rate as a lyric can be, rather than as a drama or a novel ought to be. His reading of life is compressed into a moment, often a moment of terror, but always of beauty in the terror. If one feels inclined to stress the brutality of any of his themes, it is at any rate in the themes and not in any perverse or partial interest of the author that one discerns it. He has tenderness within his range too: the first story of all, which gives its name to the collection, is what with a less stark treatment would be called an idyll of young love. Sometimes, as in 'The Black Mare,' we get a wild primitive exultation in mere strength and movement—the sort of thing which in the nineteenth century was called pagan, though that was the last thing it ever was. But in general Mr. O'Flaherty's strength lies in his detachment, his air of seeing the world as it is and not blinking it. He is a realist, certainly; but when an art is as clean and strong as his, it makes us understand that the real is the beautiful. Since I started by aspiring to critical courage, let me take my courage in both hands and confess that I place him well within the first half-dozen of living short-story writers in the English language.

If Mr. O'Flaherty is objective, Stefan Zweig is subjective. And when I say that he writes as though from the depth of a tortured soul, I do not mean it personally or offensively. It is only what might be said—what must be said—of Shelley and of Byron: nay, of Shakespeare. It could not be said of Sophocles, but it could be said of Æschylus and Euripides. In a word, it is the mark of a certain kind of genius, and always has been, and always will be. If the genius is great enough, if it is Shakespearean, it forces its way through and through the torture to a place at the heart

of it. I am not claiming that sort of supremacy for the author of 'Passion and Pain'; anyway, I understand, he is a young man, and his main achievements probably lie before him; but that he has the seed of greatness in him nobody could read this book and doubt. The first tale, 'Letter from an Unknown Woman,' has an absurd plot: it contains the outpourings of a woman who has loved a man ever since she was a schoolgirl, and has actually had a child by him, without making any impression on his memory; she is still "unknown"; and death has to visit her child and be imminent for herself before she speaks. Absurd, yes: but no more absurd than the plot of 'Lear' or of 'Wuthering Heights.' And the passion of the writing carries off the absurdity. 'The Runaway' has an almost Tolstolian largeness and simplicity: 'Transfiguration' and 'Compulsion' are studies in neurosis, but nowhere sink to the neurotic in their handling. 'The Fowler Snared' and 'Virata' seem to me comparative failures. But the most delicate and penetrating of the tales is undoubtedly 'The Governess,' in which we see the mysteries of sex and heartbreak forcing themselves, through the veils of parental stupidity, upon the consciousness of two little girls. It is by his power of expressing the universal trouble in the individual that Stefan Zweig shows his kinship with the masters.

Mr. O'Riordan is admirable in both comedy and tragedy. 'Married Life' gives us the marriage of a pleasant, bewildered boy and a hard, rapacious woman. One false touch in the treatment, and such a theme might easily become disgusting. Mr. O'Riordan, however, keeps close to life, and interprets it in the light of a steady, sane and courageous sympathy. His Barbara is not a great creation, because she is not a great creature: she has none of the audacity and magnificence of mischief which hallow Thackeray's Beatrix or Rebecca. She is just a commonplace but attractive little horror; Adam, on the other hand, is every boy without ceasing to be specifically Adam—a triumph. The misery of his marriage is sharpened almost to despair by the accident which cripples his child. Here again one shudders to think what a false touch would have done. The pathos of the mere situation is so direct, the assault on one's emotions so almost unendurable, that an author who chooses such an episode must seem in a sense to have made things too easy for himself—unless he tackles it in a vein which is hard: and Mr. O'Riordan chooses, and vindicates, the difficult way: he is not lachrymose but austere tragic.

On the comic side, there is the remarkable play, 'The Victory Named,' conceived, written, acted and produced by the great Mr. Onsin. This part of the book is frankly farce. It leaves probability behind. So, it may be argued, did Dickens, in the somewhat similar passages which deal with Mr. Crummles and the Infant Prodigy: but I am not so sure: Dickens, after all, was writing of a makeshift, hole-and-corner show, whereas Mr. Onsin is supposed to dominate the West End; and, whatever we may think of the West End, we cannot seriously suppose it dominated by anybody so ignorant and incompetent. Yet—what matter? If 'The Victory Named' is not true to life, it is true to the Comic Muse—a higher truth:

"Very nice," said Adam, "but won't it sound odd if you have an Elizabethan seaman singing about the death of Nelson?"

Mr. Onsin shook his head: "Not one person in a thousand would notice a thing like that. What bothers me more is the word 'Frenchman.' I find there was a mixed fleet at Trafalgar, Spanish as well as French; we might make them say, 'Twas in Trafalgar Bay, pom, pom, pom, we saw the Spanishmen lay, pom, pom, pom.' No, I've got it, we saw the Spaniel lay."

"Spaniard," Adam suggested.

"Didn't I say Spaniard?" Mr. Onsin queried. "I meant Spaniard, and it will be more natural, too, for the Elizabethan seamen to sing about seeing the Spaniard lay; after all, I dare say he did." He made a note on his piece of paper: "Avoid all reference to Frenchmen."

A sound maxim for such a play: but, as Adam observed, difficult.

Acrostics

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1.—The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page in our first issue of each month.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 137.

TWO JOHNS IN WHOM JOHN BULL DOES WELL TO GLORY,
FOR BOTH ADD LUSTRE TO HIS ISLAND STORY.

1. Meagre it is, yet half enough will be.
2. Were't not for long, 'twould suit us to a T.
3. Has puzzled keener wits than ours, I ween.
4. Performed by winged ones in the woodlands green.
5. Holds relics of the long-forgotten brave.
6. An edict issued to the Slav (or Slave).
7. The kernel of the matter, past all doubt.
8. In horsey phrase, 'own brother' to a shout.
9. Minute in size, abundant in the waters.
10. The kingdom of our budding sons and daughters.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 138.

TWO PATIENT WATCHERS OF THE SKIES,
MY PILLARS FOUND, WILL MEET YOUR EYES.

1. O heart of mine, thou hast no pleasant smell!
2. A chapel, and the art of speaking well.
3. "Whether you'll find it"—that's just it, my friend!
4. At brother's hand his uncle met his end.
5. Now from the Argentine a town we'll borrow.
6. Kindness for David brought it boundless sorrow.
7. A whole I am and ever must remain.
8. Fell tyrant branded with the mark of Cain.
9. By guile he fell, cursed with too fair a wife.
10. Here rest e'en they who knew no rest in life.

Solution to Acrostic No. 135.

C rue T¹ 1 "The odour of rue is very strong and dis-
O rator Y agreeable."
P roblemati C Cain being his father, Abel was his uncle.
E noc H² 2 And the king said unto the footmen that
R osari O stood about him, Turne and slay the Priests
N o B³ of the LORD, because their hand also is
I ntege R with David. . . . And Doeg the Edomite
C aligul A⁴ turned, and he fell upon the Priests . . .
U ria H and Nob the citie of the Priests, smote he
S epulchr E with the edge of the sword.
1 Sam. xxii. 17-19. (A.V.)
4 "He often amused himself with putting
innocent people to death."

ACROSTIC No. 135.—The winner is Mr. J. Byers, 11 Humbleton View, Sunderland, who has selected as his prize 'The Dickens Encyclopedia,' by Arthur L. Hayward, published by Routledge and reviewed in our columns on October 4 under the title 'The Lost World of Dickens.' Forty-nine other competitors named this book, 30 desired 'Memories and Adventures of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle,' 18 Mr. Gosse's 'Life of Congreve.'

Correct solutions were also received from Mrs. J. Butler, Mrs. W. H. Myers, F. I. Morcom, J. Chambers, Gordon Touche, Lance. H. Hughes, Farsdon, Melville, Miss Ruby Macpherson, Carlton, Gunton, Mrs. T. R. Eastwood, R. J. M. W., Pussy, Baitho, Sisypheus, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Jonel, R. C. Hart-Davis, L. M. Maxwell, Plumbago, East Sheen, R. H. Keate, Glamis, N. O. Sellam, Dolmar, Trike, Coque, Iago, M. Kingsford, Jeff, Nora H. Boothroyd, St. Ives, Old Mancunian, Gay, A. de V. Blathwayt, H. de R. Morgan, C. J. Warden, Peter, Martha, Nosredla, Doric, Barberry, Hanworth, Margaret, Jop.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—C. H. Burton, Gaunt, A. W. Cooke, H. Norris, J. C. Thomson, C. A. S., Maud Crowther, T. E. Thomas, Alphonse, Herbert E. Johnson, F. S. Lea, Springhill, Hely Owen, Raga, Miss A. M. W. Maxwell, E. Edwards, B. Brewster, K. Jones, Jokertoo, Oakapple, Lumley, Wonkle,

Tallow, Armadale, Mrs. Lamaison, Miss R. Brownlow, Mrs. A. Lole, Bogs, Tyro, Zyk, Arthur Mills, Albert E. K. Wherry, D. L., W. R. Wolseley, Jambot, Boryka, Still Waters, Miss East, John Lennie, E. Barrett, Mrs. Harvey, Ekoorb, Lady Blanche Eaton, Gabriel, Orphie, Lilian, Lady Mottram, and Boskerris.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—T. D. Lowe, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Lady Duke, Gladys P. Lamont, Athos, Vixen, Beechworth, Mrs. McConnell, Louisa Day, Jacques, F. H. Cumberlege, A. F. Drake, Carrie, Colonel N. Barron, The Pelhams, Rev. E. T. Vernon, Madge, E. Greenfield, Lady Duff, and Stucco.

For Light 4 Enosh is accepted, and for Light 8 Caracalla. Many solvers failed to see the point of Light 1, and gave Civet, Caembert, Compost, Civet-cat, Cabinet, Corrupt, Coal-dust, Cuckoo-pint, Crout, Cajepot, Crypt, Colewort, Capulet, Chimney-pot, Cot, Capitalist, Cat-mint, Cess-pit, and Cataract.

MELVILLE.—There is no animal called an Angora, therefore that word does not answer the 'light.' The Alpaca is a quadruped, and the fabric made from its hair or wool bears the same name.

QUARTERLY DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 3.

TWO EARLS WHOSE NAMES ARE READ IN ENGLISH STORY;
BOTH FRIENDS OF POPE; THE FIRST IN SPAIN WON GLORY.

1. Events yet distant may by this be known.
2. Bright Western star shining from Albion's throne.
3. For fragrance famed beyond our other flowers.
4. All things, he tells us, have appropriate hours.
5. The light of other days, now deemed too dim.
6. A well-known cordial takes its name from him.
7. Cares for the poor, as shepherd for his sheep.
8. To wreck the wanderer, lurks beneath the deep.
9. Than all his predecessors worse he did.
10. Such the Supplanter, thanks to skin of kid.
11. This is, I fondly hope, each phrase of mine.
12. A drove of oxen, or of wallowing swine.

Solution to Quarterly Acrostic No. 3.

P rognostic	C	1 "That bright Occidentall Starre Queene
E lizabeth	H ¹	Elizabeth." Translators' Preface to
T uberos	E ³	the Bible.
E cclesiasta	S ³	2 The sweet tuberose,
R ushlight	T	The sweetest flower for scent that blows,
B enedictin	E	SHELLY, 'The Sensitive Plant.'
O versee	R	3 Eccles. iii. 1.
R ee	F ⁴	4 No eyes the rocks discover
O mr	I ⁵	That lurk beneath the deep,
U nrecognizable	E ⁶	To wreck the wandering lover,
G rammatica	L	And leave the maid to weep.
H er	D	

* 1 Kings xvi. 25.

* Gen. xxvii. 16, 36.

No correct solution to this Acrostic was received. One Light wrong: Estele (Argentina). Two Lights wrong: Orang Hutan (Malay States), C. Macguelkin (Baluchistan).

(Continued on page 407)

CAUTION TO MOTORISTS

Instances of "SHELL" CANS being refilled with other spirits and sold to the public as "SHELL" are repeatedly brought to our notice. We therefore issue this caution to motorists, to see that the seal is unbroken, otherwise we can take no responsibility for the contents of the can.

When buying "Shell" FROM PUMPS, the motorist's safeguard is to ask to see the "Shell" guarantee, which is available to all dealers who retail "Shell" from pumps.

SHELL

SHELL-MEX, LTD., G.P.O. BOX NO. 148,
SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

INCOMPARABLE



LANCIA

You will understand the many claims made for this remarkable car when you have examined one, and have seen for yourself the perfect welding of beauty and power. "The Lancia 'Lambda' Model has already gained for itself a well-merited reputation as a really high-grade medium powered car, possessing unique features in regard to chassis, springing, braking, etc. Its road performance under all conditions can justly be considered exceptional. Every part of the Lancia Lambda is carried through with a definite aim—to enhance still further a great reputation.

STAND
No. 60
OLYMPIA



Sole Concessionaires:
**CURTIS
AUTOMOBILE
CO., LTD.,**
18, Berkeley St.,
London, W. 1
'Grams: Curlianath,
Pacey, London.
'Phone: Mayfair 7050.

The "A-L" Anti-Dazzle Focus Headlight Attachment.
Sketch showing how it works.

"THE BEST DIMMING DEVICE I KNOW"
—LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

This is how Lord Montagu described the "A-L" Focus Headlight Attachment in the June issue of "Woman." But it is more than a dimming device, as Lord Montagu goes on to explain. It gives the motorist complete control of the focus of the head-lamps, by the easy manipulation of a plunger on the dash-board, from the normal long, narrow beam to a broad beam illuminating both sides of the road. Besides being a real anti-dazzle device, it is of the utmost service in fog or mist and when "cornering."

OLYMPIA, OCT. 17-25. STAND No. 287

Write for Free Booklet, "Safety First."

Allen-Liversidge Ltd
VICTORIA STATION HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.
Telephone—Victoria 2226 (10 lines).
Telegrams—"Acetator" Sowest London."

Motoring

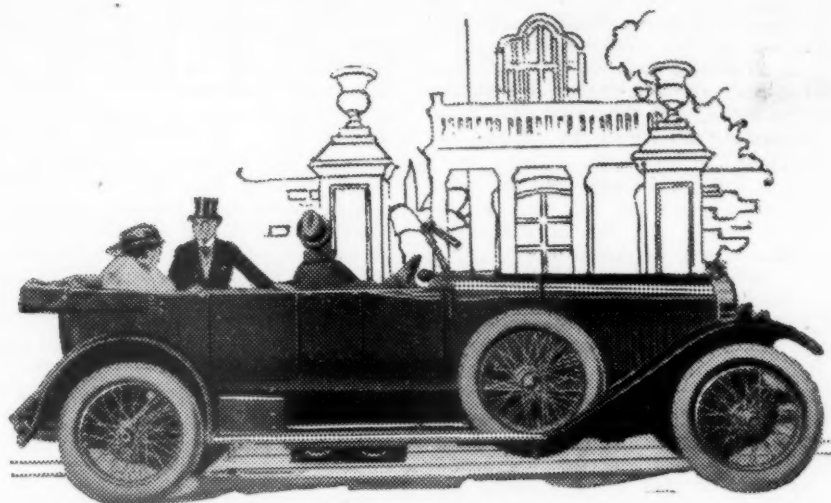
NOVELTIES AT OLYMPIA

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders decided to give a private view of their exhibition last Thursday, in order that the various motor agents and dealers and prominent public men should have an opportunity of inspecting the novelties exhibited free from the usual press of the crowd. One day was not sufficient for a thorough inspection, so that it is difficult to include in a brief summary every item that deserves a reference. The variety of the four wheel braking systems applied to various cars would require many hours of careful examination to enable the searcher for information to absorb the different methods of construction whereby increased braking power is obtained without danger to the driver and the occupants of the motor carriage. The most popular appears to be that called the Perrot system, which was invented by a French engineer and applied to a Scotch-built motor car as long ago as 1906; it has since been greatly improved and applied on a large number of the vehicles staged at Olympia. Again, there is the hydraulic system, in which methylated spirit and castor oil form the medium in the tubes to operate the levers when put into action by the pedal. There are several hydraulic systems, but one which emanates from America, the Lockheed, seems the most favoured. It is to be found on both British and U.S.A. vehicles. Another popular form is the application of the speed of the vehicle to assist the driver to exert greater braking power with less personal effort. This system is styled the Servo form of braking, and is to be found with various modifications, on the larger and higher-powered cars. It works on the principle of the capstan in its mechanical details and, in the past, has had the disadvantage of not applying the brakes when the car was proceeding backwards. One high-class builder of motor carriages has overcome this difficulty, so that his brakes are equally efficient in whichever direction the car may be proceeding. This was demonstrated last week before a large number of motorists. On that occasion, when the vehicles weighing between two and three tons were proceeding at a speed of forty miles an hour, they were halted within thirty paces without any signs of skidding.

* * *

A novelty that makes its first appearance at the present motor exhibition is an air cleaner that filters the atmosphere from organic impurities, so that the engine suffers less from deposits of carbon, which cause wear in its working parts and labour in removing. Only one maker has applied this principle to the engine of his chassis; but it is a refinement that is likely to be further adopted in the future, provided the mechanical contrivances are not too costly and do not easily get out of order. Many attempts have also been made to provide motor drivers with the solution of the anti-dazzle problem. These devices can be summed up into three categories: those that dim the light issuing from the lamp and thus reduce its intensity; those that mechanically dip the headlights to throw the full power of the beams on to the ground immediately in front of the car, and can be raised to penetrate through a greater distance ahead at will; and the third form relying upon the construction of the lamp itself to throw the light in such a manner as to keep the rays below the eyes of approaching drivers. Added to these, there is a simple antidote in the form of a removable screen of blue or other coloured glass, through which drivers may peer and so escape being dazzled by approaching high-powered lamps. Practice has shown that it is unwise to switch off headlights suddenly, and all these various anti-



45 h.p. Isotta Touring Car.

The Masterpiece

The makers of the world-famous Isotta Fraschini automobile have never spared experiment or expense to produce a Chassis that, combining great power with simplicity of design, is the world's masterpiece. You are invited to examine critically three 1925 models shown at

STAND No. 137 at OLYMPIA

An Interior Drive Saloon, A Touring Car,
An All-Weather Saloon.

Special features of the improved 1925 Model include; a more powerful Engine (the Standard Chassis has a guaranteed speed of 90 M.P.H.)—smaller petrol and oil consumption—complete silence in running—perfect acceleration—wider Chassis—eight cylinders vertically in line—four-wheel brakes.

CHASSIS PRICE £1,395. SPECIAL SPORTS CHASSIS £1,470.

Deferred payments can be arranged.

If you cannot visit Olympia, write for the Isotta Fraschini Brochure, or call at the Showrooms and arrange a trial run in this magnificent car.

ISOTTA FRASCHINI

Isotta Fraschini (Great Britain) Limited,
37 NORTH AUDLEY ST., W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 1745



Granley

dazzle devices endeavour to maintain as much light as is possible, so that the driver of the car can see to pass other vehicles. Naturally, the dipping device gives the best lighting capacity, as by this method there is no diminution of the rays, only an alteration of the direction in which they are thrown. The next in order of lighting value is probably that in which some arrangement mechanically operated by the driver throws the headlamp out of focus, and thus alters the beam of light from a penetrating narrow ray to a broad and diffused one. In regard to the various lamps themselves which claim to have anti-dazzle light-throwing capacity without any alteration by the driver, motorists can only try them and see for themselves whether they suit their own particular eyesight and provide sufficient driving light without inconveniencing the on-coming traffic. Whether the new Parliament will find time to consider the Lights on Vehicles Bill that has been under consideration for some time it is impossible to say, but in view of prospective legislation in regard to prevention of dazzle it behoves visitors to Olympia to pay special attention to these devices in case some form of preventive is made compulsory in the near future. France already insists upon headlights being dipped, and usually other nations are quick to follow her lead in motoring matters.

* * *

In order to provide a lighter form of coachwork on small low and medium-powered chassis, quite a number of the exhibitors stage enclosed saloons on their chassis, in which the metal and wooden panels have been abolished, a fabric material taking their place. Owing to the time saved in painting, varnishing, and construction, this type of enclosed carriage costs less to produce and saves a good deal of

weight as compared with the older form of construction. There are also examples of this coachwork to be seen on a number of high-powered chassis, so that the public can realize it has not been produced for cheapness alone, but also to reduce running expenses. The desire for all-weather protection in the open touring car has produced from at least one manufacturer an improved method of fitting the side screens or windows in order to convert it into an enclosed form of carriage. By this means ease and quickness in erecting and lowering the windows without the passenger moving from the seat is obtained, as well as weather-proof qualities and rigidity, which prevents rattling. These side screens are usually stowed away on the touring car in a compartment provided either behind the rear or front seat. This new method avoids all these storing places by carrying each side screen in the framing of the coachwork, similarly to the ordinary glazed window of the more expensive carriage. Being of celluloid, carried in light and rigid metal frames, they can be erected by raising the spring loaded leather cover flap on the inside rail of the coachwork, a leather tab being attached to each window for the purpose. They are secured firmly by spring bolts and can be raised to any height as desired, but they are so supported that there is little chance of their becoming loosened and so causing a rattling noise. They are also weatherproof: when rain strikes against their celluloid panels, it falls through the framing to slots at the bottom edges of the doors, and is led away to the ground, the frame edges of each window overlapping the next and providing weather-proof construction. The front windows are also fitted with special grooves on the uprights of the windscreen, making a proper water-proof joint—a most desirable feature. Another builder provides a double purpose carriage that can be used as an open touring car, or an



At Stand 98 Olympia

October 17th to 25th.

THE high standard of quality for which Sunbeam have achieved such world-wide reputation has never been better exemplified than in the models we invite you to examine at Olympia. Clean engine design, the security of the wonderful Sunbeam four-wheel brakes, and coachwork in which appearance and luxurious comfort are fully combined, are features of every model in the Sunbeam range.

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

You can obtain the most modern type of Sunbeam without delay. Similar models to those on view at Olympia are now available for delivery.

12/30 h.p. and 14/40 h.p. four-cylinder
and 20/60 h.p. six-cylinder models.
Prices of complete cars from £570.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
Moorfield Works, WOLVERHAMPTON.

London Showrooms & Export Dept.: 12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., W.1
Manchester Showrooms: 106 DEANS GATE.

*Special models are made for use overseas embodying modifications for particular markets.
Full particulars can be obtained from the Export Department, 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1.*

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

Two 40-50 H.P. Rolls-Royce Cars fitted with the Rolls-Royce Six Brakes System and a 20 H.P. Rolls-Royce Car will be shown from October 17th to October 25th at
OLYMPIA

The price of the 40-50 H.P. Rolls-Royce Chassis, including Six Brakes, is £1,850
(Long Chassis £50 extra)

The price of the 20 H.P. Rolls-Royce Chassis is £1,100

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD.

15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

TELEGRAMS: ROLHEAD, PICCY, LONDON. TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 6040 (4 LINES)



"The most interesting All-weather device yet introduced."—The Motor

Ready-in-a-moment All-weather windows and one-man hood are the principal features of the entirely new and exclusive All-weather equipment embodied in the specification of the 12/25 h.p. and 15/40 h.p. Humber open cars.

**Raised and Lowered
without rising from Seat**

Let us interest you as we have interested the motoring experts.
Call at Stand 128 and ask us to demonstrate.

Six Handsome Models on view . . . £240 to £845.

Dunlop Tyres fitted to all Models.

HUMBER Ltd., COVENTRY

LONDON—

City Showrooms:

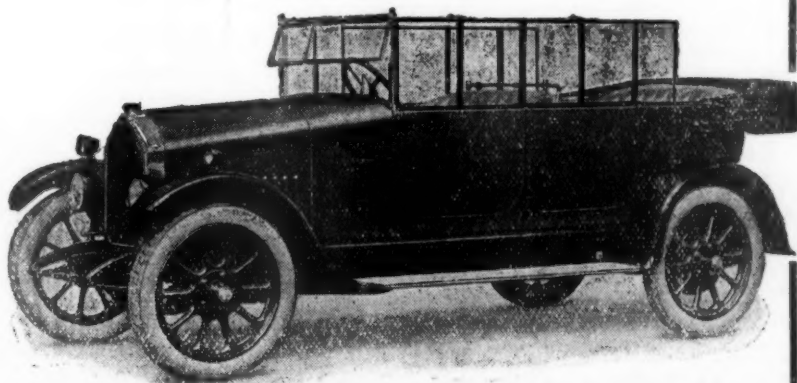
32 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

*West End Showrooms and
Export Branch Office:*

94 New Bond Street, W.1.

Repair Works & Service Depot:

Canterbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.6



THE LONG-LIFE
Exide
BATTERY
219/229 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2

EXAMINE THE LATEST
C.A.V. ELECTRICAL
PRODUCTIONS
At the Olympia Motor Show
STAND 434 (GALLERY)

PRATTS

The Guaranteed Spirit

Uniform everywhere
Reliable always



ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD.
36 QUEEN ANNES GATE
WESTMINSTER S.W.1.



The CAR of DISTINCTION

The charm of the Minerva sleeve valve engine lies not only in its smooth power and silence, but in the fact that it actually improves with extended use. With chassis and bodywork in keeping with so perfect a power unit the Minerva can justly claim a place in the front rank of the world's cars.

CHASSIS WITH TYRES

15 H.P. 4-cyl.	16 H.P. 4-cyl.	20 H.P. 6-cyl.	30 H.P. 6-cyl.
£395	£440	£650	£800

16, 20, and 30 H.P. Models are fitted with four wheel brakes.

COMPLETE CARS:

Saloon Saloon Enclosed Landulette or Limousine.

£660	£740	£1,100	£1,250
------	------	--------	--------

Showrooms and Offices: Spare Parts and Repairs:

MINERVA MOTORS, LTD.,

MINERVA HOUSE, CHENIES ST., LONDON, W.C.1

Telephone: Museum 40/41.
Telegrams: "Citraconic, London."

**MOTOR SHOW
OLYMPIA**
OCT. 17th-25th
STAND NUMBER
206

enclosed one. His system permits the whole of the upper structure to be lifted off the vehicle when in its enclosed form, and thus it is converted into an open car. It was designed for countries in which the weather conditions are more certain than in our own, and it is questionable whether English motorists would ever remove the covering. Triplex safety glass is also used more generally for the windscreens and windows of the better class carriages. Its characteristic of not splintering when broken has saved many motorists from serious injuries in collisions, and adds to the safety of passengers and driver, which is one of the chief aims of the modern motor carriage as displayed at Olympia.

* * *

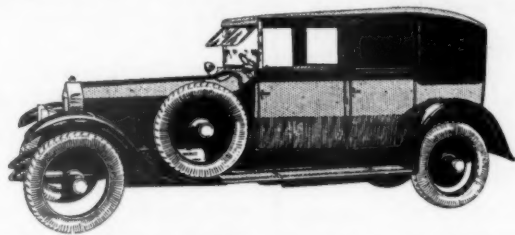
During the coming season, motorists will have to pay greater attention to their tyres, if they use cars provided with the low pressure form of wheel covering. Nearly all the small cars in the exhibition are fitted with low pressure tyres, though some firms give the purchasers of their goods an option of using these or others without additional charge. It is not difficult to understand that a small loss of air pressure in a low pressure tyre produces a bad effect on the tyre, as the margin is less with a tyre inflated to 30 lbs. pressure than one of 60 lbs. pressure per square inch. Therefore users of low pressure tyres will have to test them more frequently in order to see that they are inflated to the right pressure according to the weight they have to bear. If insufficiently inflated, the life of the tyre will be prejudiced, yet, at the same time, over-inflation causes loss to the true cushioning effect they are fitted to produce. For that reason visitors to the motor exhibition will find the exhibition of accessories in the nature of trustworthy tyre gauges of interest, many of which are to be seen on the various accessory stands. Low pressure tyres, when deflated, cause the car to drop lower to the ground than the usual high pressure tyre, and so the ordinary lifting jack provided in the kit of tools is not easily placed under the axle of the vehicle to raise it. Further, owing to the increased section of the tyre, cars have to be lifted higher off the ground, so that it is necessary to have a lifting jack that can not only be lowered nearer to the ground when the tyre is deflated, but also be raised some inches higher than was necessary when high pressure tyres were used. There are many varieties of these new lifting jacks to be found on various stalls in the gallery at Olympia.

* * *

In the coachbuilders' section, the caravan-trailer appeals to the visitor as well as the luxurious limousine. Whether caravans are likely to become popular is a matter of opinion; but, judging by the convenient equipment of those displayed, they may certainly serve to lessen the house shortage for those who do not mind leading a nomadic life. A certain number of caravans squat on vacant plots around the outskirts of London and are hauled by their owners' cars to other districts according to the season of the year, but their occupants are usually young and enthusiastic. The caravans displayed at Olympia offer opportunities for holiday making at comparatively low cost, for few dwellings can be purchased, even of the most temporary character, at the price demanded for the houses on wheels. The capital expenditure involved may therefore entice many of the visitors to the exhibition to buy these, if only to use them for short periods of the year, as the interest on the amount demanded is certainly less than the cost of a few weeks' holiday away from home. As they can be drawn either by a horse or by a small car they are one of the few exhibits in the show that appeal to a larger public than the mere motorist.



HOOPER MOTOR CARRIAGES



The Distinction obtained in a Hooper Body is the result of Centuries of experience in Fine Coachwork.

STAND 191, MOTOR EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA. OCT. 17-25.

HOOPER & CO. (Coachbuilders) Ltd.

AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING MOTOR CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders to

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

By Royal Warrant
of appointment.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARY, Viscountess Lascelles.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

54 ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W. 1



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES

Kennington Service.

WINDSOR

10-15 H.P.

WITH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

FOUR-WHEEL brakes, correctly designed, offer very important driving advantages. The front-wheel brakes on the Windsor make traffic driving and the descent of steep hills a new pleasure. Providing a safety margin ample for every emergency, they save physical effort, prevent skidding, and reduce wear on several vital points of the car.

The Windsor four-wheel brakes are symbolic of the scientific advance typified generally by the Windsor chassis.

May we demonstrate the special Windsor points to you?

Exhibit Nos. 121 and 122, Motor and Cycle Section, Palace of Engineering, British Empire Exhibition

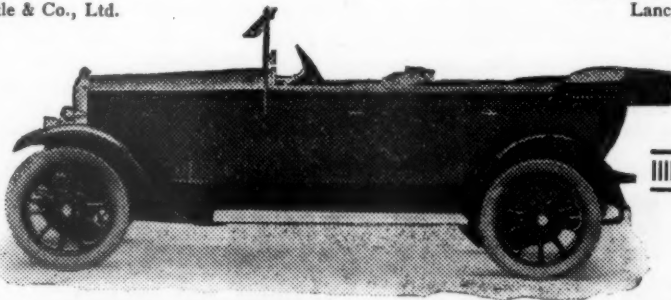
JAMES BARTLE & CO. (SALES) Ltd., 236a, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, London, W.11

Telephones: Park 6593 & 2605.

Manufacturers: James Bartle & Co., Ltd.

Telegrams: "Bartle 6593 Park, London."

Lancaster Road, London, W.11.



Chassis Specification.

4-cylinder engine, 65 x 102 mm. unit construction; detachable cylinder head. Overhead valves; oil circulation by pump. Magneto ignition. Thermo-syphon cooling; dry plate clutch; 4 speeds and reverse, right-hand change. Internal expanding brakes on all four wheels; electric starting and lighting; 6 detachable wheels with 710 x 90 cord tyres; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; speedometer; clock; patented non-glare illuminated dash; Wefco spring gaiters; oil and petrol gauge; luggage grid; large tool box at rear, with complete set of tools, jack, pump, etc.

Models and Prices.

Two Seater, completely equipped	...	£360
Four Seater, completely equipped	...	£375
Single Coupé, with large dickey seat	...	£465
Three Seater Coupé-de-Luxe, painted white	...	£525
Four-five Seater Saloon with three doors	...	£550

STAND No. 12, Olympia.

City Notes

Lombard Street, Thursday.

CONVERSATION in the City this week has been limited to two subjects—the General Election and the German Loan. As regards the Election, had the Stock Exchange not been so woefully incorrect in their forecast last year, when a substantial Conservative majority was anticipated, the present optimism would be encouraging; as it is, the cautious fear that “the wish may be father to the thought” again on the present occasion. Not merely, however, are expressed opinions optimistic, but prices, as shown below, are as buoyant as if the Election were already satisfactorily over:

	Sept. 18.	Oct. 8.	Oct. 14.
War Loan 5% ...	102 $\frac{1}{8}$	102 $\frac{7}{8}$	102 $\frac{3}{4}$
Funding Loan ...	90 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.d.	88 $\frac{1}{2}$ x.d.	89 $\frac{1}{2}$ x.d.

I wonder if these bullish prices are justified? I cannot help feeling that the danger is not altogether passed, and earnestly as I hope for a Conservative Government with an absolute majority in the near future, yet I do not consider this by any means assured. When one reads of the Socialist suggestion of nationalizing, among other things, the “Bank of England,” it does seem strange, on the eve of a fight fraught with issues of such importance to the city, that Gilt-Edged stocks should be enjoying a small boom.

THE GERMAN LOAN

Although a perusal of the “Reports of the Expert Committees appointed by the Reparation Commission”—or, as they are more generally known, the “Dawes Report”—had led me to believe that the £40,000,000 Loan on which the scheme was based would be an amply secured investment, it was only on studying the full Prospectus that I realized quite how “gilt-edged” the security is. The City has been occupied in visualizing the position this week, and only the future can tell as to the wisdom of the action that has been taken. Personally, I consider that at last a step has been taken towards real peace in Europe; but, divergent as opinions may be on the wisdom of the German Loan, there are no two opinions as to its status as an investment. Before dealing further with this point, I would say that I appreciate the fact that, for sentimental reasons, there may be many who would not invest one farthing in a German Loan, no matter how great the gain; but from a business point of view it is, in my opinion, probably the most attractive issue of its kind that has ever been made.

THE SECURITY

The value of an investment as such is wholly dependent on the degree of security that the investor enjoys as to receiving his interest payments when due and the return of his principal on redemption, and it is because the margin available for this purpose in the German loan is so large that I consider it exceptionally attractive. The service of interest and amortization of the Loan is:

1. A direct and unconditional obligation of the German Government chargeable on all the assets and revenues of that Government.
2. A specific first charge on all payments provided for under the Plan of the Dawes Committee to or for the account of the Agent-General for Reparation payments, such charge being prior to Reparation and other Treaty payments, which in turn have a specific precedence over the existing German Debt.

3. A first charge by way of collateral security on the “Controlled Revenues”—i.e., the gross revenues of the German Government derived from the Customs and from the taxes on tobacco, beer, and sugar, the net revenue of the German Government from the spirits monopoly, and such tax (if any) as may hereafter be similarly assigned by the German Government in accordance with the terms of the Final Protocol of the London Conference.

The annual sum required for the service of the Loan on the present exchange rates is estimated not to exceed 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ million gold marks, which, as shown above, ranks as a specified first charge on all payments for the account of the Agent-General of the Reparation payments; these payments have been fixed at 1,000 million gold marks (that is over ten times the amount required) for the first year, and are expected to increase thereafter until they reach 2,500 million gold marks for the fifth year. The annual gross receipts of the controlled revenues are estimated at not less than 1,000 million gold marks. This in addition to the service of the Loan being a direct and unconditional obligation of the German Government.

A COMPARISON

The following table shows ten pre-war European Government Loans chosen at random, with the present price and yield together with the pre-war price. The question of redemption has been ignored, although it probably accounts for the low yield on Belgian 3 per cent., which are redeemable in 1939:

DESCRIPTION OF LOAN.	PRICE.	PRE-WAR PRICE	
		YIELD.	1914.
Belgian Sterling Loan 1914 3%	72-74	4.1.3	83
Dutch 3% Bonds 1896 ...	65-71	4.4.6	80
Italian Rentes (C.P.A.) ...	18 $\frac{1}{2}$ -20 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.5.6	98
Swedish 3% Loan 1886 ...	65-69	4.7.0	76
Norwegian 4% Loan 1911 ...	77-79	5.1.3	101
Danish 4% Loan 1912 ...	76-78	5.2.6	99
French Rentes (C.P.A.) ...	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ -18 $\frac{1}{2}$	6.1.3	88
Spanish 4% Sealed Bonds ...	63-67	6.1.3	92
Greek 4% Rentes 1880 ...	43-46	6.8.9	47
Montenegro 5% Loan ...	60-70	7.2.9	91

C.P.A.—Coupons payable abroad.

The German Loan, amply secured as shown above, at its issue price yields £7 12s. 2d., or 9s. 5d. per cent. more than the Montenegro Loan, which is secured on the unconditional guarantee and revenues of Montenegro.

A CERTAIN PROFIT

Short of another European war, I consider that a purchase of these German Bonds must show a certain profit in the next six months, even if the market opens, as is suggested, at 2 premium. At par—that is 8 premium—the Loan will yield 7 per cent., a yield not obtainable in any other loan which offers similar security. Opportunities such as this seldom occur, and to those who are not prevented from participating by their personal feelings I give the advice to mix some of these Bonds with their other investments.

NITRATES

The activity in Nitrate shares anticipated in these notes grows apace. The following table shows how the shares recommended here last week have fared:

	Then.	Now.	Rise.
Aguas Blancas ...	34s. 9d.	38s.	3s. 3d.
Anglo-Chili ...	65s. 6d.	69s.	3s. 6d.
Lautaro ...	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{7}{8}$	13s. 9d.
San Sebastian ...	10s. 9d.	13s.	2s. 3d.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

London: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C. 2

Funds £29,522,000.

Income £8,683,000

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

I never discourage the taking of profits, but I consider Lautaros should go to well over £9 and San Sebastian to over 15s.

BENGAL IRON

Elsewhere in this issue will be found extracts from the chairman's speech at the sixth ordinary general meeting of the Bengal Iron Company. His suggestion, made at the meeting, that it would be far better to give subsidies to certain trades to expand their output rather than to pay doles for producing nothing, is one that will be readily endorsed in the City.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. R. C.—The new German Loan should meet your requirements.

SOUTHSEA.—The new coupon sheets for the City of Budapest International Issue have not yet been issued. The Talon should be attached to the Bonds.

DON.—Union Corporation, Geduld, and San Francisco Mines are all in the same group, a group I favour.

L.C.—The shares are dealt in in Vienna, Prague, and Budapest. The quotation you give is in Hungarian crowns (345,000 to the £), not Austrian crowns (317,000 to the £).

LEX.—See answer to J. R. C.

TAURUS

(Continued from page 399)

ACROSTIC No. 134.—Correct: A. M. W. Maxwell.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Hon. R. G. Talbot, St. Ives, Stucco, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Zyk, Old Mancunian, Lumley, Trike, Shorwell, John Lennie, J. Chambers, Martha, Gunton, Mrs. W. H. Myers, Mrs. J. Butler, Nosredla, R. H. Keate, Quis, C. A. S., Vixen, Nora H. Boothroyd, N. O. Sellam, Sisypheus, Gay, Tyro, Bogs, Jop, A. de Blathwayt, C. J. Warden, R. J. M. W., Jokertoo, W. H. Fearis, J. R. Cripps.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Reginald Eccles, Miss Vera Hope, Doric, Eureka, Mary G. Woodward, Lady Mottram, Dodeka, Thomason House, Rho Kappa, J. C. Thomson, F. I. Morcom, F. H. Cumberlege, G. Turner, Springhill, D. L., East Sheen, Oakapple, E. Edwards, Dolmar, Mrs. Hart-Davis, 3V, Merton, H. de R. Morgan, Still Waters, Margaret, Lilian, F. M. Petty, A. W. Cooke, Arthur Mills, Borydyke, Mrs. Harvey, L. Jenkins, Agnes S. Gosset, R. Ransom, Sansovino, Peter. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 133.—Correct: Agamemnon, Mrs. Stewart Roberts, A. W. Cooke, Hanworth, St. Fol, N. O. Sellam. Two Lights Wrong: Novice, J. R. Cripps, M. Hurrell.

ACROSTIC No. 132.—Correct: A. W. Cooke, The Pelhams, M. Hurrell. One Light wrong: Miss Ruby Macpherson, Pen, and J. R. Cripps.

OUR NINTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Seventh Round the leaders are: Old Mancunian, Baitho, Carlton, L. M. Maxwell; N. O. Sellam, Gunton, Mrs. J. Butler, Sisypheus, F. I. Morcom, John Lennie, C. J. Warden, St. Ives, R. H. Boothroyd; Gay, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles.

'Saturday Review' Competitions

OCT. 18, 1924

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

BOOKS THAT WILL NEVER DIE

Published by
EVELEIGH NASH & GRAYSON

Crown 8vo., Cloth, Gilt Lettering, Price 2/6 net.

Price 2/6 a Volume

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

By THOMAS HARDY

ALMAYER'S FOLLY By JOSEPH CONRAD

TALES OF UNREST By JOSEPH CONRAD

AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS

By JOSEPH CONRAD

THE ARROW OF GOLD

By JOSEPH CONRAD

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

By R. L. STEVENSON

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS

By R. L. STEVENSON

RODNEY STONE

By A. CONAN DOYLE

SHE

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE

By F. MARION CRAWFORD

ANN VERONICA

By H. G. WELLS

THE FOUR FEATHERS

By A. E. W. MASON

THE BROKEN ROAD

By A. E. W. MASON

MRS. THOMPSON

By W. B. MAXWELL

QUINNEYS'

By HORACE A. VACHELL

THE BLUE LAGOON

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

CARNIVAL

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

ASK FOR NASH'S EDITIONS

Paper, Printing and Binding equal to any

7s. 6d. volume on the Market.

ALL COPYRIGHT BOOKS.

Price 3/6 a Volume

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

By AMBROSE BIERCE

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

HENRY MAITLAND

By MORLEY ROBERTS

RAFFLES

By E. W. HORNUNG

THE PROCESSION OF LIFE

By HORACE A. VACHELL

THE KENTUCKY WARBLER

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

ETHAN FROME

By EDITH WHARTON

CROSSRIGGS (7th edition)

By MARY AND JANE FINDLATER

Over sixty thousand copies have been sold of "Crossriggs." Originally published in 1910, this remarkable story still holds its place as one of the modern novels that count.

Crown 8vo., Cloth, Gilt Lettering.

Price 7/6 a Volume

TOM SAWYER. (Illustrated Edition de Luxe.)

By MARK TWAIN

HUCKLEBERRY FINN. (Illustrated Edition de Luxe.)

By MARK TWAIN

Morning Post: "These volumes are 'sumphous.' They are printed in good type, on nice paper, with wide margins. They would have delighted the eye of Mark Twain."

Nation: "There was a jewel buried in the mass of cotton-wool sent us this season—'The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn' (Nash and Grayson). 'Huck Finn' is an authentic masterpiece."

COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.

Price 16/- net

W. H. HUDSON: A PORTRAIT

By MORLEY ROBERTS

Observer: "A great biography . . . not easy to parallel in literature."

Evening Standard: "Hudson now has, in the portrait by an old friend, the sort of laurel he would most desire."

EVELEIGH NASH & GRAYSON, L^{TD}.

Publishers of Famous Books,

148 STRAND, LONDON

Round the Library Table

ADVERSARIA

THE celebration in France during the last few weeks of the centenary of Ronsard suggested the re-reading of his poems. But not them all! Twenty years ago I would have faced the *Françiadé* and the *Discours* without a moment's hesitation, but to-day I am resigned to add them to the growing list of works I shall never read again of my own free motion. Not even the action of the French Government in issuing a special postage stamp with Ronsard's head on it shall tempt me; though it raises the desire to know what kind of excellence would prompt an English Postmaster-General to do such a thing. I forget myself—he does it for the benefit of trade at Wembley. But Ronsard has always been one of my preferred classics in selection because he is—speaking roughly—the source of English lyric poetry. There were, obviously, some lyric poems in English before his time—poems which derived from the sources which influenced him—but they are few and far between.

* * *

Accordingly, as I did not wish to be reproached by my old *Elsévierienne* edition in eight volumes (the last has some exquisite modern poetry in praise of Ronsard), I turned to the two sets of extracts, one by Mr. St. John Lucas, the other by M. Auguste Dorchain, and found them both satisfying, the latter perhaps the better of the two, and each of them omitting one or two sonnets which to my mind are among the finest of his work. M. Dorchain's introduction, too, is rich in references to such disciples of Ronsard as Heredia and M. Pierre de Nolhac. From these I turned to a couple of books which always give me pleasure, George Wyndham's *Ronsarde et la Pléiade* and Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *Avril*.

* * *

When I first read Wyndham's study I remember I thought it a little obvious in its criticism, but every time I take it up I am more and more struck by the truth of its feeling and its sympathy with the subject. Perhaps after some time one feels the need for emphasizing fundamental truths, going back to first principles and basing one's criticism upon them. In the case of Mr. Belloc I can only envy the way in which he expresses his enthusiasm for admirable work, his masterly recognition of the great things in the literature he has chosen as his subject, and his fine taste in selection. I am hardly in accord with his statement of the results of the *Pléiade* on the French verse which succeeded it: he expresses a view more common twenty or thirty years ago in the schools than it is to-day.

* * *

English poetry, to my mind, is excellent in two directions, in lyric poetry and in narrative verse; and in both of these branches it is deeply rooted in old French poetry, with which we may include Provençal. And it is about the time of Ronsard that the division takes place. His work is a turning point both in English and French poetry. After his time lyric poetry disappears in France till almost our own days: there is no great lyric poet between Ronsard and Verlaine, though all through the nineteenth century the impulse was growing. In fact, personally, and excluding Racine for the moment, I should be disposed to say that with the exception of La Fontaine, there was no poet in France during that time of any account to the world at large except Victor Hugo.

Before Ronsard, however, all the great poetry was either written in French, Northern or Southern, or was directly derived from it. Our Chaucer was really, from one point of view, writing French verse in English. You have only to compare the work of his contemporaries with his to see this. Take one of the finest of the epoch, *Pearl*: it is impossible to read this so as to carry over the music which it must have had to a modern hearer. The alliteration which is the characteristic of old English verse produces no effect on our ears till it is wedded to rhyme and non-alliterative rhythm. The few lyrics which are preserved to us from the Middle Ages are all in French rhythms, and the characteristics of English verse are merely accidental if they exist at all; the tradition is French.

* * *

On the other hand we have a right to claim much of the best of the old French narrative verse. A good deal of it was written by Englishmen, more of it by the subjects or servants of English kings. Its sentiments are as purely English as it is possible to be, and its language is actually easier of understanding to English students than French. I am afraid this all sounds chauvinistic, but I am seriously convinced that alike in narrative and in lyric poetry modern English verse is as much beyond any other European production as old French verse was in its time—and that the two are generically connected.

* * *

The death of Anatole France strikes me with a sense of personal loss; though I had met him but rarely, for the last thirty years it has been my privilege to welcome each new book of his as it was issued. I shall not attempt any reflections on his work here, except the very general one that his greatest successes were in the management of episodes. As his stories grew in length they either broke up into a number of discrete parts strung on a thin thread of plot or changed their character; his longer works with few exceptions do not count among his successes. I do not remember that he ever wrote anything about Lucian. I should have thought he would have been interested in him. I had intended to say something about *The Revolt of the Angels*, of which an edition, illustrated by Mr. Frank C. Papé, has just been issued (Bodley Head, 16s. net). As some of the incidents in this work are, as Mr. Walkley suggests, sufficiently near the spirit of *Crébillon fils* to be difficult to handle, Mr. Papé may be congratulated on his discretion as much as on his imagination. The edition is well-printed and pleasant to handle.

* * *

I have on the table before me the *Annual Bibliography of English Language and Literature* for 1923, edited by Dr. A. C. Paues (Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge, 6s. net), which is a complete classified guide with a good index to everything of importance published during that year on our language and literature. It is now in its fourth year and is invaluable. Miss Dora Pym has collected *Readings from the Literature of Ancient Greece* in good translations (Harrap, 8s. net). I can recommend it for placing in the hands of readers who know no Greek and wish to form some idea of the literature. It is well illustrated.

LIBRARIAN

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

HEAD OFFICES:
45 Dale Street, LIVERPOOL
155 Lendenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3

ACCIDENT FIRE MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7 Chancery Lane, W.C.2

SIMPKIN MARSHALL HAMILTON KENT & Co. Ltd. ARE NOW PUBLISHING CHAPMAN AND DODD'S WELL-KNOWN ABBEY CLASSICS

Each 3/6 net.

"We can remember no series of popular reprints which began as auspiciously as the Abbey Classics. None, we think, has been better produced, and certainly none better selected."—Spectator.

VOLUMES READY

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. The Memoirs of Sir James Melville of Hal-Hill. | 11. Melville's Mardi. Vol. I. |
| 2. Beckford's Vathek. | 12. Melville's Mardi. Vol. II. |
| 3. Beckford's Episodes of Vathek. | 13. Longus's Daphnis and Chloe. |
| 4. Sterne's Sentimental Journey. | 14. Gay's Poems. |
| 5. Cobbett's A Year's Residence in America. | 15. Gay's Plays. Vol. I. |
| 6. Apuleius' Golden Ass. | 16. Gay's Plays. Vol. II. |
| 7. Voltaire's Candide. | 17. Erasmus's Twenty Select Colloquies. |
| 8. Beckford's Thoughts on Hunting. | 18. Petronius's The Satyricon. |
| 9. Disraeli's The Letters of Runcymede. | 19. Prior's Shorter Poems. |
| 10. Voltaire's Zadig. | 23. Heliodorus's The Ethiopian History. |
| | 24. Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands. |

IN ACTIVE PREPARATION

- | | | |
|--|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 20. Donne's Devotions and Death's Duell. | 21. De foe's Moll Flanders. | 22. Peacock's Prose Works. Vol. I. |
|--|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|

4 STATIONERS' HALL COURT, LONDON, E.C.4.



IN PERFECT HARMONY

with the glory that surrounds the masterpieces of Literature, the OXFORD Sectional Bookcase is a profoundly practical piece of furniture and a beautiful addition to every home, great and small.

OXFORD Sectional Bookcase

Ingenious, yet simple and practically invisible is the method of joining the stacks, which at all stages of growth present a faultless "finished" appearance.

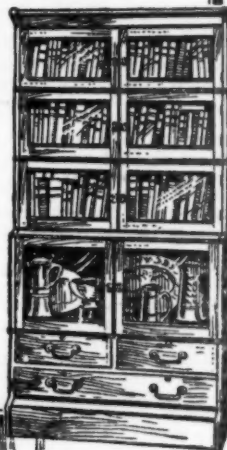
Handsome Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

Wm. BAKER & Co. Ltd.

Library Specialists,

OXFORD.

London Agents: Dulau & Co., Ltd., 34-8, Margaret St., Cavendish Square, W.



Mr. Murray's Autumn List

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN

By ROBERT BELL, M.D., F.R.F.P.S.
Dr. Robert Bell is a man of many interests and accomplishments but is best known from his long study of Cancer. Illustrated. 16/- net

THE PRIME MINISTERS OF GREAT BRITAIN

By The Hon. CLIVE BIGHAM, C.M.G., C.B.E.
With Supplementary Chapter to 1924, including Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. MacDonald. 39 Portraits. Fourth Edition. 10/6 net

General Literature

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

By The Rt. Rev. ARTHUR C. HEADLAM, C.H., D.D., Bishop of Gloucester.
The doctrine and the organization. 12/- net

A HIGHLAND FAMILY

By A. A. DAVIDSON.
The life, hopes, and trials of a Highland family, and the influence of new ideas of "liberty." 6/- net

TALES OF TURKEY

By Major E. W. C. SANDES, D.S.O., M.C., R.E.

"A record not only of shrewd observation, but also of ingenious improvisation under difficulties; and, grave or gay as befits the matter of the moment."—Outlook. Illustrated. 5/- net

MOONLIGHT TALES

By DOUGLAS GORDON.
Stories of the romance, adventure, and comedy of animal life. Illustrated. 7/6 net

LOTUSES OF THE MAHAYANA

Edited by KENNETH SAUNDERS.
A new volume in the Wisdom of the East Series. 2/6 net

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By KATHLEEN NORRIS.
The heroine is the sweetest and most natural Rose in the World. —you will enjoy her love story. 7/6 net

Memoirs

MEMORIES OF THE 20th CENTURY

By THE EARL OF MEATH, K.P.
"As popular as its predecessor."—The Outlook. Portrait. 10/6 net

DAYS GONE BY

By The Rt. Rev. J. E. HINE.
Reminiscences of C. Africa. Illustrated. 16/- net

New Novels

BEAU GESTE

By P. C. WREN. 7/6 net

CHRIS GASCOYNE

By A. C. BENSON. 7/6 net

THE ECLIPSE OF JAMES TRENT, D.I.

By L. YATES and H. GOODHART. 7/6 net

DOMINIE'S HOPE

By AMY McLAREN. 7/6 net

General Literature

OVINGTON'S BANK

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.
Cheaper Edition. Over 500 pages. 3/6 net
Also Thin Paper edition, cloth, 3/6 net; leather, 5/- net

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF THE SISTERS

BRONTË
HAWORTH EDITION ON THIN PAPER. With Introductions by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, and an Introduction and Notes to Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" by Clement K. Shorter. In 7 vols. Pocket size. Cloth, 3/6 net; Leather, 5/- net

THE RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE

By W. C. DAMPIER WHETHAM, M.A.
Fifth edition, entirely revised and greatly enlarged. 5/- net

CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH

By ERNEST WEEKLEY, M.A.
Not so bulky; many new words, as copeck, fascist, insulin, rodeo. Cheaper Edition. 7/6 net

THE BROKEN BOW

By L. ALLEN HARKER.
This story shows how love and strength of character can overcome social barriers. 7/6 net

New Quarterly
1st Available

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, LONDON, W. 1

Company Meeting

BENGAL IRON COMPANY.

THE SIXTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Bengal Iron Company, Limited, was held on the 10th inst. at the Hotel Victoria, W.C.

Mr. William Turner MacLellan, C.B.E. (chairman and managing director), presiding, said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—I think you will agree that the result for last year is satisfactory, in view of the general depression in the iron trade throughout the world.

In regard to the accounts, there is very little change to comment on. The capital expenditure has been mainly in regard to the extensions of the collieries and workshops. The developments in the collieries, which are practically finished, have proved exceedingly satisfactory. We have proved we have coal supplies sufficient, at the present rate of consumption, for the next 80 years, and the value of this property has turned out far beyond our expectations.

I visited our works, collieries, and ore mines during the last winter, and was well satisfied with what I saw.

Business since the beginning of the year has been somewhat slack, although there are signs of its improvement in India. Our new large-diameter pipe foundry, which is only just starting, has already got a fair amount of work booked.

The recent rise in the rupee exchange will, I fear, have an adverse effect on our export trade, though it may benefit the company when actually remitting profits to London.

We might, as you will see from the accounts, have paid a larger dividend, but we thought it advisable to increase the amount carried forward, and owing to the relief of Indian income tax the dividend actually is equal to over 8 per cent., less United Kingdom Income tax.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I formally move: "That the report of the directors, together with the accounts and balance-sheet, are hereby received and adopted."

Sir Edwin Grant-Burles, C.S.I. (vice-chairman): I have very much pleasure in seconding that resolution.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The Chairman,—I beg to move: "That a dividend of 7 per cent. for the year ended March 31, 1924, on the 1,575,000 Ordinary shares of the company, payable 3½ per cent. on October 16, 1924, and 3½ per cent. on April 16, 1925, less income-tax at the rate of 2s. 3d. in the £ (being United Kingdom income tax at 4s. 6d. in the £ less relief of 2s. 3d. in the £ in respect of Indian income-tax), be and it is hereby declared and authorized to be paid."

Sir Edwin Grant-Burles seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

The proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman and his colleagues.

WORLD TOUR

Visiting:—

INDIA, BURMA, MALAYA,
CHINA,
BEAUTIFUL JAPAN,
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
& CANADA

Leaving London 18th December

Personally organised and conducted by

MR. EDWARD GRAY, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I.,
Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2,
from whom the Descriptive Itinerary may be
obtained.

A Wonderful Restorative!
ENJOY PERFECT HEALTH

Dr. Gautier's Famous Capsules for
WEAKNESS and NERVOUSNESS

A sure remedy for General Weakness. Loss of Nerve Power, effectually restores Vitality and Stamina, counteracts results of Overwork, Loss of Energy, etc. A Wonderful Specific for both Men and Women. THE SUPER NERVE TONIC. Price 3/- and 5/- per box. Extra strong 12/- per box, post free, which takes effect in a few minutes. FREE SAMPLE, together with full particulars and booklet, "THE JOY OF YOUTH AND HOW REGAINED," sent Post Free.

WRITE AT ONCE TO

S. SEYMOUR (Dept. 15),
47, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Personal

A CAREER THAT PAYS. Advertisement writing and publicity work. Either sex can earn £10 weekly in spare time. Write for particulars and free lesson to (Dept. T. 9), Shaw Institute, 1, Montague Street, London, W.C.

NURSING HOME for Aged People, bedridden or otherwise. Coal fires. Nice garden. House overlooks Crystal Palace grounds. Accouchement, pending and during. Every care. Terms moderate and inclusive. Apply **MATRON**, Harwood House, Thicket Road, Anerley. 'Phone: Sydenham 2291.

A CERT. TRAINED MASSEUSE, skilled worker, receives patients. Hours 11—8. **MISS BARSON**, 11 Adam Street, Portman Square.

GENUINE SCOTCH TWEEDS
at Bargain Prices

These are handwoven in beautiful colours and designs by disabled Highland soldiers. Ideal Wear for Man or Woman. Write for patterns and prices to Dept. S. R.,

Seaforth Weaving Institute, DINGWALL, ROSS-SHIRE.

FRUITARIAN DIET CURES.—Take a month's diet treatment for the Prevention of Diseases of Digestion. Conditions which lead to cancer, etc. From 3 guineas. **LADY MARGARETS**, Doddington, Kent.

ACCOUCHEMENT.—Small Nursing Home, overlooking sea. Cheap trains. About hour from London. 2gns. **SISTER**, "St. Francis," Seawall, Whitstable.

Literary

TYPEWRITING of every description accurately and promptly executed. Authors' MSS., 8d. 1,000 words single copy; with carbon, 10d. **BARBARA CHAMBERS**, 68, Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING of every description carefully and promptly executed at home. MSS. 1s. per 1,000 words, Carbon Copy 3d. per 1,000 words. Translations undertaken. Miss **NANCY McFARLANE**, "E," 11 Palmeria Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

THE Premier House for TRANSLATIONS, Typewriting, Duplicating and Facsimile, Printing is **DANKS & CO.**, 199 Strand, W.C.2. Tele.: City 6119.

Finance

EXCELLENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES constantly occurring: highly successful recommended methods. Send now stamped addressed envelope for free particulars. **GREEN & CO.**, 17 Church Lane, Hull.

INVESTMENT showing a profit of over 30 per cent. secured on a sound established West End business. A few hundred **SHARES** for SALE; suitable for private investor. Solicitors' and accountants' references bona fide applicant. Write **INCHAPS, LTD.**, 17 Coventry Street, W.1.

The Yachting Monthly

OCTOBER ISSUE

NOW ON SALE — 2/- NET

Entertainments

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, KINGSWAY

Daily from 2 to 10.45 (Sundays 6 to 10.30. New Programme.)
Next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. (Oct. 20, 21, and 22.)

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

The greatest sea story ever filmed,
starring RAYMOND McKEE,
CLARA BOW and MARGUERITE COURTOT.

Comedy: MONTY BANKS in "HOT SANDS"

Educational Film: "SLIPPERY DOCKS," etc.

Next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. (Oct. 23, 24, and 25.)

"THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE"

Directed by Ernst Lubitsch,
starring ADOLPHE MENJOU, MONTE BLUE,
MARIE PREVOST and FLORENCE VIDOR.

BUSTER KEATON in "THE BALLOONATIC"

BOBBY VERNON in "A PERFECT 36"

FELIX, THE CAT.

Managing Director: SIR OSWALD STOLL.

Educational

THE CALDER GIRLS' SCHOOL, SEASCALE, CUMBERLAND.

(On Board of Education's List of Efficient Schools).

Mountain and sea air, dry, bracing and sunny.

The aim is to give a sound education to girls on Public School lines. Girls may enter the Preparatory School at the age of eight years.

In the Upper School pupils are prepared for Matriculation and entrance to the Universities.

Modern Class-rooms, Laboratory, Gymnasium, and good Playing Field. Riding. Excellent golf links. Safe bathing.

Escort from Euston, Crewe, Leeds, Manchester and Carlisle.

Illustrated prospectus on application to the HEAD-MISTRESS.

TUITION BY POST

In Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics, etc., for Matriculation, B.A., and other Examinations. Address Mr. J. CHARLESTON, B.A., 14 Elsham Road, Kensington, W.14.

EARN MONEY BY YOUR PEN. Unique postal course: How to write, what to write about, where to sell. Expert guidance, real training. Illustrated booklet free. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 154), 13 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Books

BOOKS.—Living Animals of the World, 2 vols., new copy, 42s. for 22s.; Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray, 1st Illus. Edit., 13s.; Thos. Hardy's Works, 22 vols., limp leather, £5 5s.; Hannay Sex Symbolism in Religion with an Appreciation by Sir Geo. Birdwood, 2 vols., 25s.; J. M. Barrie's Works, "Kilnrisquie," Edit., 10 vols., scarce, £7 7s.; Scott's Novels, fine set, "Dryburgh Edition," 25 vols., £3 3s.; Lord Hamilton's Elizabethan Ulster, 6s. 9d., pub. 16s.; Prof. Thornton's American Glossary, 2 vols., 6s. pub. 30s.; Thorn's Humane Horse Training, 7s., pub. 18s.; Haggard's Madame de Stael: Her Trials and Triumphs, 9s., pub. 16s.; Kennedy Jones's Fleet Street and Downing Street, 6s., pub. 16s.; War Posters, 8s., pub. 15s.; Clement Scott, Bohemian London, 6s., pub. 10s. 6d.; Salt's The Flogging Craze, 4s.; Hobson's Worcester Porcelain, £6 6s.; Maupassant's Novels in English, 10 vols., nice set, £3; Thackeray's Works, nice set, 12 vols., £3; R. L. Stevenson's Works, "Vallima," Edit., 26 vols., £38; The Sketch, 80 vols., fine lot, £30; George Eliot's Works and Life, 24 vols., £5 5s.; Gautier's Works, Edit. de Luxe, 12 vols., £5 10s.; The Tatler, Illus. Journal, 46 vols., fine lot, £21; Lord Morley's Works, Edit. de Luxe, 15 vols., £15 15s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham. **BOOKS WANTED:** Grove's Dicty. Music, 5 vols.; Jowett's Plato, 5 vols.; Brinkley's China and Japan, 12 vols.; Crawley's Mystic Rose; Cowper's Sailing Tours, any vols.; YACHTING MONTHLY, any vols.; Cockfighting, anything on; Tweedie's Arabian Horse.

Shipping

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s
Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF,
BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN,
MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C. 3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 123, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

Galleries

LONDON GROUP MANSARD GALLERY.

Exhibition of Modern Painting and Sculpture.

Now open.

Admission 1s.

HEAL & SON, LTD., 195 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

Concert

AEOLIAN HALL. OLD SONGS AND BALLADS.
JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.

SATS, Oct. 18, 25; Nov. 15, 22, 29, at 3.15.

8/6, 5/9, 3/6, 2/4.

Mayfair 2097.

For Sale

KENSINGTON.—For Sale, 24 years' lease of attractive Non-basement, Two-storey, Six-roomed, Newly-built HOUSE. Rent only £25 10s. Price £1,525. Apply 3 Warwick Close, Kensington Road.

TO ARTISTS, POETS AND WRITERS.

IN a beautiful old world village; COTTAGE by Vyvyan James in XV century tradition, in stone, old oak half timbering, thatch, ingle and open fireplaces, leaded windows, will be built to commission from this collected material for £900. 2 recep., 4 bed., bath, offices. A smaller or larger cottage can be built at proportionate price. Example cottages (by V. J.) can be viewed by permission of the owners. All particulars, V. JAMES, Long Crendon, Thame, Oxon.

HAMPSTEAD (overlooking the historic grounds of Keat's Cottage).—Attractive architect-built RESIDENCES containing 5 bed, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall, bath-room, and every modern convenience. For SALE, FREEHOLD. Price £3,600. Garage by arrangement. Plans can be seen. Messrs. FLOOD & SONS, 8 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

A CHARMING VILLA, very artistically furnished, all new. Would Let or Sell, either furnished or unfurnished. Apply WILLIAM CRANE, Villa Cairo, Chigwell Road, Charnminster Hill, Bournemouth.

S.P.C.K.
for BooksTheological, Liturgical
Historical & Devotional

Translations of Early Documents and Christian Literature, Church Music, Architecture and Educational Books, etc.

Call or Write

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge
S.P.C.K. House, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C. 2

List's post free

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

are issuing free Personal Accident Insurances which will cover you during your visit to the British Empire Exhibition.

Apply at the P.A.C. KIOSK, Outer March (Next to the Globe), Wembley.

142, Holborn Bars,
London, E.C.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

The Reliable Family Medicine
with over 70 yrs. Reputation

Always ask for a
"Dr. COLLIS BROWNE."

Acts like a Charm in
DIARRHŒA, COLIC and
other Bowel Complaints.

Of all Chemists, 1/3 & 3/-

The Best Remedy known for
COUGHS, COLDS

**INFLUENZA,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

A True Palliative in NEURALGIA
TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1854

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED £1,500,000
CLAIMS PAID £6,000,000

LIFE : FIRE : ACCIDENT

HEAD OFFICES :

1, 2, & 3 QUEEN STREET PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4
Manager and Actuary, Basil May, F.I.A.

DARLINGTON'S

"Very emphatically tops them all."—DAILY GRAPHIC.

LONDON

AND By Sir G. T. COOK, K.B.E.

ENVIRONS.

"A brilliant book."—THE TIMES.
"Particularly good"—ACADEMY.
8th Edition Revised.
10/-

30 Maps and Plans. 80 Illustrations.

"The best handbook to London ever issued."—LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

60 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 7/6 | 100 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 7/6
NORTH WALES. | DEVON AND CORNWALL.

60 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 6/- | 100 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 4/-
FRENCH & ITALIAN RIVIERA. | W. SWITZERLAND & CHAMONIX (France)

2/- PARIS, LYONS, & RHONE VALLEY | 2/- THE FRENCH RIVIERA
2/- CHAMONIX (France) & ENVIRONS | 2/- THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

2/- LAKE OF GENEVA, RHONE VALLEY & ZERMATT
2/- BERNE, THE BERNESE OBERLAND & LUCERNE

Liangollen—Darlington. London—Simphie's. Paris and New York—
Brentane's. Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

OCTOBER, 1924

PRICE 3/- NET

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

STANLEY BALDWIN By WESTMINSTER

WHY THE AUSTRALIAN LABOUR PARTY
IS PROTECTIONIST

By Col. the Hon. R. A. CROUCH (Australian
Delegate to the British Commonwealth Labour
Conference)

'THE GREAT GOD 'PAR''

By Sir OSWALD STOLL and C. GRAHAM HARDY

VENICE REVISITED

By HUGH MACNAGHTEN (Vice-Provost of Eton)

HUNTING THE ELK By PERCY STEPHENS

THE IRISH MENACE IN SCOTLAND

By DUNCAN CAMERON

DELHI—11th MAY 1857

By Maj.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B.

THE HOUSING GAMBLE By B. S. TOWNROE

THE UNCHANGING MAGYAR

By Lt.-Col. NEWMAN CRAIG, D.S.O.

NATURE-MYSTICISM By H. E. M. STUTFIELD

THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF

SOCIALISM

By Senator CORRADINI

8 JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2

Fit Triplex and be Safe